

THE  
TEMPLE BEAU;  
OR THE  
TOWN COQUETS.  
A  
NOVEL.

The SECOND EDITION.

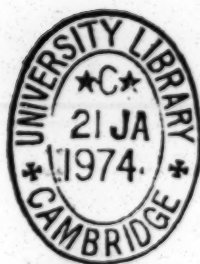


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T O

His EXCELLENCY the  
EARL of ROCHFORD,  
At the Court of *Turin*.

*My Lord,*

**I**T's not your high Birth,  
and exalted Quality, that  
is the Cause of my seek-  
ing you out for a Patron to the  
following Sheets, your Lord-  
ship very well knows, that  
found-

*DEDICATION.*

founding Titles, unaccompanied with Merit, are things I little fet by; a bafe Man loaded with Honours may, like falfe Money appear gay to the Sight, but will ever want with me Weight and Currency. Reputation to the great, is like the Cryftal which we place before Paftils or Crayons, which tho' but a brittle and delicate Cover, yet it preserves the Picture itfelf from perishing; it's therefore the good Heart you poffefs, and a twenty Years Experience of your Virtues that

enduces

## DEDICATION.

enduces me to love and respect you: Your Lordship however highly and deservedly favour'd, by the best and greatest Prince alive, never yet let the Courtier swallow up or efface the Ties of Friendship, Humanity, and Benevolence, which the whole World allows to exist in you in a perfect Manner; so that the longest Absence will but the more indear you to those who have the Honour to know you; it's true, by Distance, you lie under the present unavoidable Disadvantages of having

## DEDICATION.

your good Qualities rather heard of than seen, but who, my Lord, now-a-Days is so just as to think of the Merit of absent Friends? Altho' your Conduct in Legantine Matters, has set you on the best Level at *Turin*, with your Brethren of that noble Kind; yet the Breath of Man is too weak to waft over such Matters to *London*. That noble Reply your Lordship made to the Sovereign, at whose Court you reside, and which induc'd his generous Heart to do Justice  
to

## DEDICATION.

to your oppress'd Countrymen,  
and establish'd their Rights a-  
gainst the selfish Clamour of  
a Pack of hungry, mercenary  
Courtiers, will ever show your  
Spirit to be truly *English*; that  
you are greatly worthy of the  
august House that you are a  
Member off, and a fit Servant  
to that glorious Prince you so  
deservedly represent; and I am  
sure that personal Respect, I  
saw paid to you, not only at  
*Turin*, but all the principal  
Courts of *Italy*, must fully  
demonstrate that your Conduct  
is



## DEDICATION.

is universally admir'd, by that  
wise and discerning People.

As I have nothing but a  
Novel to offer to your Lord-  
ship, I ought perhaps to apo-  
logize for asking you to pa-  
tronize so small a Work, yet  
such Fables that at one and  
the same Time delight and in-  
struct are fitly call'd Apologues,  
*moral and instructive Tales* :  
And *Cervantes* somewhere ob-  
serves, that such a Work, per-  
formed in a grateful Stile, and  
with



## DEDICATION.

with ingenious Invention, and approaching as much as possible to Truth, would doubtless compose, so beautiful and various a Book, that when finish'd, its Excellency and Perfection, must attain the best End of Writing: I am far, very far indeed, from thinking that the following Sheets, will at all come up to the Standard *Cervantes* lays down ; however, my Lord, I know your Humility is so great, as to except the Will for the Deed, so as  
not

# DEDICATION.

not to disdain the Mite I offer  
to you. I have the Honour  
to be,

*Your Lordship's faithful,*

*And devoted Servant.*

Nov. 13,  
1753.

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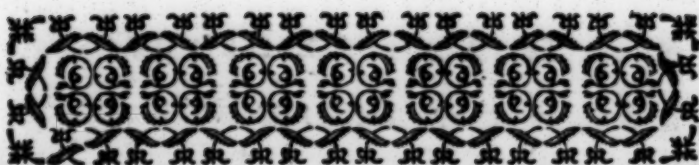
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T H E



THE  
TEMPLE BEAU;  
OR, THE  
TOWN COQUETS.

---

CHAP. I.

*Without any Apology Mr. Smart is introduced, who soon makes great Progress in the Esteem of a Lady.*

THE Temple Church is the Place of Rendezvous for many of the petit Maitres and Belles of that Quarter of the Town, as whoever goes there on

a





a *Sunday* may see, not worshipping the God of Heaven and Earth, but the little Droll *Cupid* with a fervent Zeal.

AMONGST these appear'd a certain amphibious Gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. *Smart*. This Gentleman was each Morning a Counsellor, each Evening a *Courtier*. At *Westminster* he appear'd in a full-bottom'd Wig, and, a black Coat and Gown, till Two o'Clock; after Dinner he was lac'd, powder'd, and a Beau; which Finery he never fail'd to exhibit every Night, first at the best Coffee-Houses of that Quarter, and then at the Routs of the fine Ladies in and about *Chancery-Lane*.

OUR Adventurer, was a Spark, who in spite of an obscure Birth, and a  
seven



Or, *the* TOWN COQUETS. 3

seven Years Clerkship, must needs set up for a Man of Education, and a complete fine Gentleman; and who thought, that, because he was drest something like the Mode, and laugh'd at his Equals, he was therefore much above them.

INDEED Mr. *Smart* was not at all Times to be known; for the long dismal Peruke of the Morning, and the friz'd Hair, and gaudy Attire of the Evening, would have almost deceiv'd his very Father who begot him; and to carry his Farce on the better, he never took the least Notice of his *Westminster-Hall* Friends, after the Clock struck Three.

WHEN this *Proteus* visited, his Shoulders were powder'd, his Dress of twenty Colours, his Ruffles Lace;  
A 2 and

4     *The* TEMPLE BEAU;

and by great good Luck he had a Wart under his Eye, which afforded him a decent Pretence to cover it with a Patch.

To say the Truth, he was equipp'd so well, as to pass with the Many, for a very fine Gentleman, at any Horse-Race, Ball, or other Diversi-on, whether it happen'd ever so far off, or near *London*.

MR. *Smart* thus drest, appear'd at Church amongst the Law-Multitude with a thousand fantastick Airs, and thrust himself into the first Pew. It happen'd to be next one, where sat a young Woman of uncommon Beauty and Innocency in her Look, who in this important History, for Decency Sake, we shall call Miss *Jenny*.

MR.

MR. *Smart* had no sooner cast his Eyes on this new Beauty, but he became passionately in love; a Thing very extraordinary in him, who hitherto had been an universal humble Servant to the whole Sex. But *Cupid* to be reveng'd on his Indifference, drew his Arrow up to the Head, and wounded most cruelly the Heart of our gay Templar.

It's impossible for me to tell what cruel Pains our young Lover endur'd; but certain it is, that from that very Hour he made a solemn Vow to offer her his Services. And not long after, a certain Clerk in the Neighbourhood having put a singular Affront upon Miss *Jenny* for refusing his proffer'd Love, our new-wounded Lover engag'd himself very

A 3

deeply

6      *The* TEMPLE BEAU:

deeply in this Affair, and offer'd to fight his Antagonist with Sword and Pistol, which on a Refusal on the Clerk's Part, ended in a kicking Bout.

THIS seasonable Piece of Gallantry was, as one may conceive, very agreeable to Miss *Jenny*, who was rejoic'd at heart to find herself become the Subject of a Duel, and she thought she had immense Obligations to Mr. *Smart*, on this heroick Occasion. Old Mrs. *Gripe*, the Mother of Miss *Jenny*, was well pleas'd also with the Means taken in her Daughter's Behalf, and thought she could do no less than let our Hero know his Visits would be agreeable to the whole Family.

THIS was, however, contrary to her usual Practice, which was to shut up her Daughter from all Intercourse  
with

with Men, both in publick, and private. And here it may not be amiss to inform the Reader, that Miss *Jenny's* Father was an eminent *Sollicitor*; and as Mr. *Smart* was said to be a rich *Counsellor*, the old Folks thought, that perhaps Time, and Opportunity, might make a Match betwixt the young People.

At the first Visit, Mr. *Smart* got a private Opportunity to speak to the fair Keeper of his Heart; when drawing himself into an affected Posture, "Miss, says he, from what I can judge, you have not fail'd making an estimable Conquest, a Conquest no less than that of my sublime Heart!"

*JENNY*, who was quite a Novice in Love-Matters, coolly reply'd,



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“ She did not know what he meant  
“ by talking of *Hearts*, but was cer-  
“ tain if he had lost his, she had not  
“ found it.”——

“ My Meaning is, says *Smart* (with  
“ the utmost Emotion) I know a  
“ Person, quite devoted to you, and  
“ one, who having seen your great  
“ Beauty, has made a Vow to serve  
“ you, and love you, and give you his  
“ *Heart*.”——

“ VERY well, says Miss *Jenny*, and  
“ if you have devoted me your Heart,  
“ I, at the same Time, give you your  
“ Answer ; in praying God to re-  
“ store it you back again.”

“ My God! (crys our Lawyer a  
“ little angrily) what, when I act so  
“ seriously, must you needs make a  
“ Jest



“ Jest of me ? of me the most passion-  
“ ate of your Lovers ! ” —

To these Words *Jenny* reply'd blushing,—“ Take care, Sir, what you say;  
“ I'm an honest Girl, and have no  
“ Lovers ; *Mamma*, has warn'd me  
“ against having Lovers.” —

“ WELL, Madam, says *Smart*, I  
“ I am sure I have said nothing to  
“ shock you; my Intentions are hon-  
“ ourable, my Flame pure, and tend-  
“ ing to the Land of Matrimony.” —

“ WHAT then, says *Jenny*, you would  
“ marry me ! If that be the Case, you  
“ must ev'n apply to my Papa, and  
“ *Mamma*, who only can tell what  
“ Fortune they will give me.” —

“ MATTERS says our Lover, are  
“ not advanced far enough to talk  
“ of Fortune; all I desire at pre-  
“ sent is, your Esteem, and Leave  
“ to be your Admirer.”—

“ To which *Jenny* replied, I know  
“ myself very well, and what is best  
“ for me to do.”—

THIS cold Answer quite disconcerted our Gallant, who would have been glad to have made Love in a polite Style; and no Doubt he would have poured forth all the Flowers of his Rhetorick, if he had not met with a Girl dispos'd to listen to him.

BUT here Mr. *Smart* was much in the Wrong; for Girls of this Kind would have a Man become amorous from  
from

from the smallest Encouragement, and then to go immediately to Doctor's Commons for a Licence, and be instantly married; being quite Strangers to those soft Indulgencies and Friendships, which make Part of our Youth glide away most charmingly, and which may even subsist consistent with the most severe Virtue.

BUT Girls, like *Jenny*, don't care a Rush about the good or bad Qualities of their Lover, nor how to gain Love by Esteem, and after proceed to Affection; all they consider, is to get a *Husband*, and that they may not become *old Maids*, they embrace the first good Offer.

FROM hence proceeds the great Difference betwixt the middle Station  
of

of Life, and People of Fashion. For the Man, that knows the World, makes an open Profession of Gallantry, and being us'd to good Company from his Cradle, acquires a Habitude of Politeness and Civility which he carries to his Grave.

WHEREAS under-bred People can never amend their Air, never study the Art of pleasing, which is only learn'd of the Ladies, and from the Inspiration of Love. If these Men make Love, it's only *en passant*, and in some set Form, and they'll be sure to practise all the different Formalities, they have gathered from a whole Stock of Romances.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great Intimacy that Mr. *Smart* had contracted with the Family, from the public Defence

Defence of *Jenny's* Honour, yet his Love-Business advanced but slowly; his Mistress ever retired to her Chamber, when he came, or if she chanc'd to stay, she never open'd her Lips, so reserv'd she was before her Mother, who was always at her Tail; he therefore found it necessary to become her declared Lover, and to demand her in Form. For he considered, that a *Counsellor* might without the least Vanity always pretend to the Daughter of a *Sollicitor*.

MR. GRIPE was very rich; and what was next most remarkable of him, he had a fine Library: Indeed I may more fitly call it a Shop of Books; for he never refused selling any Thing curious out of it, to the best Bidder.

**GRIPE**



GRIPLE was ever determined to marry his Child to a Man of Business; one quite attached to the *Westminster-Hall*, and who rejoyc'd in the Sight of a Bundle of Briefs; if this were the Case, he cared not a Farthing if his Son-in-Law should be handsome, or ugly, polite or brutal; but if he lov'd Business, and was steady in it, that was all he required. Nay, he did not so much as value his Daughter's extraordinary Beauty at the Price of a Groat; nor did he in the least desire that by that she shou'd make her Fortune.

PERHAPS in this judging right; for it mostly falls out that those who build on such Plans, are the Dupes of their Vanity. For the Family they match into discard and disinherit



inherit their Son, and the new married Parties are frequently undone.

THIS favourable Disposition in *Gripe* was the Cause that Mr *Smart*, parched with Love, demanded his Daughter in Marriage.

*GRIPE* received the Proposal with all the Civility his Nature was capable of; he enquired most methodically into his Substance. If he had no Mortgages; no Debts, nor old Debaucheries to settle. The greatest Difficulty he found was, that his Son was too great a *Beau*, that is, he was so over-drest, and too-much a Coxcomb. For even that Neatness, which pleases all honest Men, shocked Mr. *Gripe*.

He told *Smart*, that the Time he bestowed in Dress was all lost, in which  
Time

Time fix or seven Rolls of Parchment might be engross'd; he also lamented that his fine Waistcoat must needs cost more than twenty Motions at Bar. But notwithstanding all these Objections, the great Esteem he had conceived for *Smart*, on his Daughter's Account, determined the Affair in his Favour.

YOUTH, he said, must have a Time to pass off; and that; if he would have his Daughter, he hoped in three Months to see *Smart* as dirty and greasy as himself. And at Length, after he had examin'd his Rental, his Stock in the Funds, and all the Deeds of his Family; he drew the Marriage-Articles, and Mr. *Smart* was admitted to a nearer Intercourse with the Lady.

THAT

THAT is, he saw her at one End of the Chamber, in the Presence of her Mother, who was always nigh at Hand, occupied in one Business or another. But this did not last long, for in a few Days, Preparations were made for the Wedding, and the Parties (according to Act of Parliament) were ask'd in the Church.

Now Reader, I don't at all question, (however gentle thou art,) but thou wilt be crying out here's a fine Romance indeed! It's neither long, nor very interesting, and it is already ending in a Marriage. Romances generally consist of seven or eight Volumes.

BUT pardon me, good Reader, if I abridge my Work, and run post to a Conclusion, you are much oblig'd to me, if I cure you of that Impatience,  
which



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which many Readers are seized with, to know the End of a Story. But, if on the contrary, you chance to be of a patient Turn, you will do well to consider, that *many Things happen between the Cup and the Lip.*

THIS Marriage then is not so far advanc'd as might be imagined, it belongs to me here to make a Hero or Heroine. I may call for one as often as I shall write a new Volume; and it is very often the ill Luck of Heroes of this Kind, when they think they embrace their Mistresses, to find only a Cloud; unhappy *Ixions!* that gulp down nothing but Wind, whilst their *Confidant's* run away with the Lady.

BUT here as we are relating no great Affairs, and as I shall display nothing, but Truth, I will ingenuously confess, that

that this Marriage was hinder'd by a *forbidding of the Banns* by one Madam *Lucretia*, who pretended, that our Mr. *Smart* had given her a Contract-Marriage.

THIS at once ruin'd *Smart's* Reputation with the Parents of *Jenny*, who held him to be a most vile Profligate, and who could neither like him, nor suffer his Visits any longer.

Now, Reader, to let you know from whence this Opposition came, we must go a little backward, and recite another History; which whilst I am about, for God's Sake! don't lose the Thread of the first, which may be of great Use to you by and by.



## C H A P. II.

*A Viscount and another Lady proceed still further in Love-Matters—A Word or two on Routs—Vauxhall—Ranelagh—Flames—Darts—Marriage.*

**M**ISS LUCRETIA of the *Temple*, for so shall I stile her, to distinguish her from the *Lucretia* of *Rome*, that stabb'd herself in Defence of her Virtue; and who indeed was cast in a quite different Mould from *her* I am writing of; was nevertheless, a large, tall, well-made Girl, who had Wit and Courage sufficient; had not all her good Qualities been sullied by her outrageous Vanity.

GREAT

GREAT Pity it is, that she had not the good Luck to have been brought up at Court, or at least in the House of some fashionable Person, where she might not have learn'd those hundreds of Grimaces, and odious Affectations, which she was continually displaying, and which forever disgrac'd her Wit, and bespoke the Race she was born of.

SHE was the Daughter of a tolerable Lawyer, who got Money when young, to squander away at an advanc'd Age, pursuant to the Freaks of a young, giddy, imperious Baggage of a second Wife, who turn'd our old *Put-Case* into a *Virtuoso*, at a Time when he was almost blind; and who from his small Chambers furnished a stately House in a large Square, with *Raphael's* and *Corregio's*, Pieces, 'till not

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a Shilling was left; and at Length the poor Man was forced to fly to *France*, leaving his young Wife a Prey to Madnefs and *Geneva*, with the additional Burthen of the fine Mifs *Lucretia*.

HOWEVER, an Uncle and Aunt charitably took her, and bred her up from her Infancy. Mr. *St Laurence* was of the third Class of Lawyers; that is one, who is neither famous, nor yet altogether without Employment; for he passed his Time in engrossing of fair Deeds, at an easy Rate; at which he pored from Morning till Evening, without ever once minding what passed in the House; which was entirely consigned to the Care of his Wife; a sage and trusty Body, who would scold for two Days together, if an End of Candle were missing, or if a Match was thrown away before it had been lit at both Ends. But  
in

Or, *the* TOWN COQUETS. 23

in all other Matters she was a brave Kind of Woman, who lov'd to receive what she call'd good Company, and enjoy the World.

HER Rooms were filled with Card-Tables, and every Night she held modish Routs, to which young Men of all Conditions resorted; rather to see Miss *Lucretia*, as you may well conceive, than to enjoy the old Woman's Conversation; who, tho' to do her Justice, when she had won a great Deal, never fail'd to treat her Visitors with hot Punch and Cakes, which at the same Time supped herself and Neice, and her poor Husband also; for whom (except on these Occasions) she never provided a Supper in her Life.

FROM

FROM such Sparks of Generosity our Aunt attain'd the Reputation of keeping a good Table, and of Living *a la Mode*; infomuch that a luscious Banker, or two, in that Quarter have been heard to say, that none but Scriviner's Wives now a-days could live well.

MISS LUCRETIA was thus brought up in a House, and after a Fashion the most dangerous in the World for a Girl of her Spirit; but being obliged to hear the Gallantry of all those who resorted to her Aunt's *Ruëlle*, her Heart must have been formed of something colder than Ice, to keep herself upright in so slippery a Path.

HER whole Fortune consisted in her large Portion of *Beauty*, a most brittle



Or, *the* TOWN COQUETS. 25  
tle and ticklish Commodity. However she set up for a Woman of Birth, and pretended to a Fortune of 10,000*l.* in one of the Plantations; and which being far off, few could contradict.

UPON these false Suppositions, her Uncle, Mr. *St Laurence*, built good Hopes; but when he advis'd her to marry a certain Lawyer, that offer'd himself, she toss'd up her Head, and was sure of a considerable 'Squire, if not a Baronet, of which she named seven or eight of Estate, that had wrote to her.

WE have before observed, that most of the Company that attended Madam *St Laurence's* Routs came rather to see Miss *Lucretia*, than her *Aunt*; but whoever came, was forced to pay their Devotion to the Card-Tables; where after a little Play they were at

C Liberty

Liberty to attack the Niece. The Gains of the Card-Money were equally divided betwixt these two Ladies.

*LUCRETIA* herself, at first always sat down to play, but as soon as she found every one had paid their due Tribute, she went from Room to Room, to entertain those who were *cut out*; and she knew so well how to adapt her Discourse to Particulars, that all remain'd equally satisfied.

*LUCRETIA* obtain'd such Gallants as play'd with her at her own Rate; if she lost, she paid one with a loud Laugh, or gentle Tap on the Shoulder; and when she won, she insisted on ready Money, or curious Toys, as Tweezer-Cases of Gold, and  
other

Or, *the* TOWN COQUETS. 27  
other elegant Productions of Mr.  
*Deard's* Genius.

IN short, even the Silk Stockings that she wore were Presents; all her Trinkets, her Gloves, her Lace, her Necklace, nay, and her Hoop, were Presents; thus from Head to Foot she was deck'd in Presents; and so loaden with Gifts given her at the *Discretion* of others, that at Length she lost her *own*, as you'll hear in due Time; for I'm in no Hurry to surprize my Readers, after the Fashion of some modern malicious Authors.

AMONGST the Train of her Admirers appear'd a certain *Viscount* immensely rich, and whose Equipage, &c. was suitable to his vast Revenues. Every Day his Dress was new, which is a distinguishing Mark of Opulence

in *London*; though not a strict Rule to go by in all Cases.

HE had seen *Lucretia* at the Park, and instantly order'd his Footmen to dog her to her House; but before they return'd he was let into her History, by one of those People whose Trade it is to know Characters, of which you'll find a Hundred in the Coffee-houses about St. *James's*. One of these help'd my Lord, not only to the Name of *Lucretia* and her *Aunt*, but of most of those who attended her Assembly.

HIS *Lordship*, therefore, immediately sought for one of his Friends, who carried him thither under the Pretence of being presented to Madam *St. Laurence*.

THE

THE first Visit passed in Matters of double Ceremony to their illustrious Guest, and his Lordship to shew his little Value for Money, lost no less than thirty Pounds to the Niece and her Aunt, as a Token of his future Generosity.

THERE was, as yet, not a Word of *Love*, and I think it was on the third or fourth Visit, that he discovered his Passion to *Lucretia*. However, our Lovers were very discreet in their Conduct, for as ill Luck would have it, *Lucretia* had no Confident, nor his Lordship any 'Squire to acquaint us of their private Conversation; our Lovers were not of Rank quite sufficient, to entertain such Officers; so that I could never learn any Thing more of their Courtship, than what I set down here in



Publick, and even that I have pick'd up by Hear-say, and by the bye. And even (*not to lye*) I am sometimes forced to help out the Story, with some Gueffes of my own.

HOWEVER, let us suppose, that all was said to *Lucretia* that ever Knight-Errant said to a Mistress; but what that was, I have no Intention to copy, as most Authors on the like Occasions have done. I think it enough to tell you that the *Viscount*, became passionately in Love with *Lucretia*; nor was she backward in receiving his Addresses. But then it becomes absolutely necessary to declare the Success of his Amour, for by this Time, you are undoubtedly become curious to know if *Lucretia* was *chaste* or *complying*, for one might as well be the Case as the other.

BE

BE it known to you then, that in a short Time the *Viscount* made a large Progress; but it was not his Wit, nor his good Mien, that secur'd to him *Lucretia*, although he was the best made, and had the finest Shape of any Man about the Court, to which was added a gallant Air, and an amorous Soul.

ALL this made but little Impression on her Heart, for she would never engage herself, without at the same Time making her Fortune.

THE *Viscount* therefore, was oblig'd to make many more Promises than he intended to keep, however honest he was; for a Gentleman deeply engag'd in Love, is apt to conclude himself at Liberty to dispense with

such Promises, especially when an unequal Match is the Question betwixt *him* and his *Honour*. He acquir'd *Lucretia's* Esteem, by the vast Profusion of Expence he was at, on her Account. He ever let her win at Play, but shew'd her at the same Time, it was not ill Luck, nor want of Judgment, that made him her Dupe.

FROM hence he proceeded to Presents, which she willingly took, altho' she had Spirit enough; but she was oblig'd to accept the Latter, as she had much less Money than Vanity.

SHE must appear, and this was absolutely impossible, without the Assistance of Friends. Banquets were not spared, nor Jaunts to *Vauxhall* and *Ranelagh*. On which Sea, many a Maid's Honour becomes Ship-wreck'd at *St. James's*.

BUT

BUT all these Things avail'd little with *Lucretia* ; she return'd my Lord but slight Favours for all his ready Money. The only Terms she would agree to, to satisfy his Passion, was a Contract of Marriage signed with his Blood, to make it more solemn. This was a puissant Mine to blow up the Honour of a poor Girl ; and when obtain'd, *Lucretia* defended herself no better than another in like Case might have done. She did not feign, but gave herself up to her Passion for the *Viscount* ; and they vowed an eternal and reciprocal Love.

HOWEVER, the fatal Business was not yet brought about ; they lived for some Time in mutual Confidence, each conceiving the most happy Hopes in the World ; *he* trusted to enjoy his Mistress ; and *she*, to become a great Lady.

Lady. But Marriage never once enter'd into his Lordship's Head, it's true, he was impatient to receive the Fruits of his boiling Passion, but to execute the Promise of Marriage to her, he was determined to avoid.

THERE were innumerable Obstacles in the Way; a rich Uncle; a Mother, still richer; upon the Favour of these two, all his Lordship's future Hopes were built, and not being of Age, he was in Danger of being disinherited, and having (by the new Law) his Marriage set aside.

THESE Things made him more assiduouſly press *Lucretia*, and at Length a good Opportunity offer'd, in one of those devilish Allies of Hell *Vauxhall*.

LUCRE-



*LUCRETIA* did not always go out with her *Aunt*, but if she went with some of the neighbouring young Ladies, accompanied with their Mothers, *Madam St. Laurence* thought all was safe.

IN such Excursions, how many good Maids have been seduced, and tho' it's difficult to say on which, yet in one of these Jaunts *Lucretia* parted with the far most precious Trinket she had; her Virtue; and it has been whisper'd, that her *Aunt* was busy at a Game of Quadrille, which she won, whatever her Niece lost. Alas! poor *Lucretia* then is undone, I'm sorry to say it; but too true it is. I wish I were able for her Honour's Sake, to repeat the pathetick Words, his Lordship's Passion oblig'd him to make Use of to accomplish her Ruin.

CERTAINLY

CERTAINLY they were more forcible than any he had hitherto us'd. It's possible he urged his fallow Complexion ; grown yellow as a Lemon with pining ; and for Form sake, we'll suppose he pull'd out a Poynard, which he threatened to bury in his Heart, if she continued her Disdain ; and with a Thousand perfidious Oaths, promised to remember his Marriage-Contract.

BUT unluckily for us, we know nothing certain of these Matters, for being a black Business, it 'till this Hour remains in the Dark. Nay, it may be presum'd, he even us'd some Degree of Force, for *Lucretia* was 'till then a Girl of Honour and Virtue, and stood out a long Time, considering in what Manner she had been brought up.

BUT

BUT here we may observe, that it was partly *Lucretia's* Fault, that the *Viscount* broke his Word, for had she engag'd with a Person of a lower Station in Life, this might not have happened.

HOWEVER, they continued their Amours for some Time, without any Thing memorable falling out, for the *Viscount* had no Rival who sent his Mistress false Letters, nor was there any Picture, or Watch, or Trinkets, that were given on either Side, to promote Suspicions ; nor was there during an Absence, any false Alarms of Death, or change of Love, nor no jealous Rival to foist up some deadly Vision ; all which Things are the very Spirit of Romance Inventions, that have been dress'd up in so many Forms,  
and

and so often repeated, that they are become quite stale.

ALL that I have been able to discover is, that they sometimes din'd at *Richmond*, at other Times at *Windſor*; nor do I even know the People that made up theſe Parties; nor yet the Signs of the Inns at which they regal'd. But, well I know, that as the *Viſcount* deſerted her ſoon after, ſo he at that Time deſerted his *Honour*.

DURING the whole Courſe of this Affair, they were not ſo much as even ſuſpected; nay, not by thoſe who were equally in Love with *Lucretia*; for our Heroine had ever accuſtomed all her Lovers to bear with her Civility to others; eſpecially ſince her grand Slip, which the Remorſe of  
her

her Conscience, made her think was known.

SHE became more cautions, treated every Body more favourably than she used; and perhaps after all, this might be her Cunning; for though she always flatter'd herself with being the *Viscountess*, yet as the Business was not compleat, she was willing to have other Strings to her Bow, to make Use of in case of Necessity; besides, it's very natural to Coquets to be civil to all Kind of People, although they neither love nor even please them.

Among these was *Mr. Smart*, who was a great Talker and Flatterer, and an universal Lover, as is before noted: He had ingaged therein so deeply, that one Day, after saying and doing a hundred foolish amorous Things, *Lucretia* to get rid of him said, she did  
not



not believe he was in earnest, in what he said; and that she was determined to have from him some better Proofs of his Love.

MR. *Smart* very seriously replied, he would give her all the Proofs she could ask, for the Sincerity of his Passion. To which *Lucretia* replied, she left those Proofs to him. Mr. *Smart* answer'd, that to convince her he was her Slave for Life, he would give a Promise in Writing.

SHE laughing, defy'd him to do it; whereupon *Smart* stepping into the next Room, brought her a Promise of Marriage, to which he had signed his Name.

LUCRETIA continuing her Raillery, took it, and at the same Time to shew that she made but slight  
of

of it, wrap'd up an Orange in it she had in her Hand ; however, she cunningly kept it, to serve her in case of Need, or at least, to convince others, she did not want Lovers. All this happened before Mr. *Smart* was engag'd with Miss *Jenny*.



## C H A P. III.

*An After-Thought.*

**N**OT long after, a certain Procter of the Commons, named *Fillups*, came to make a Visit to Mr. *St. Laurence*, whom he found in his Chamber by the Fire-side. As it happened, *Lucretia* was busy at the Cabinet, that stood at the other End of the Room. Well, says *Fillups*, are you almost married Miss, for whenever that happens I am determined, old as I am, to dance at your Wedding? I know not when it may happen, says *Lucretia* laughing, but it is not for want of *Lovers* it's defer'd; and approaching, she said, see here a Promise of Marriage I have; and shew'd.

shew'd him Mr. *Smart's* Promise made to her. It was what she little regarded as she was still Brimful of the *Viscount*.

THE Proctor seizing her Hand, was wrenching it from her, so rather than it should be torn, she let it go. *Fillips* after inspecting it, said with a Grunt, he knew the Party that had sign'd it, and that he was *rich*; adding nothing more to his Character, thinking all Things comprized in the Word *Rich*.

HE questioned her if the Promise was reciprocal? But she bantering him, neither answered in the Affirmative or Negative; he bid her keep it safe, and said he should be glad to help her on a proper Occasion; and that in the mean Time he would get her an exact Inventory of all *Smart's* Estate.

A FEW.

A FEW Days after, *Fillups* having Occasion to go to *Westminster-ball*; where, seeing his old Friend Mr. *Gripe*, the Father of *Jenny*, he thought he could do no less than wish him Joy of the Wedding, that was going to be in his Family.

OUR Proctor told him, he did well to marry his Daughter off young, that a Girl is a heavy Trust, and a good Riddance, when married to a good Husband; for though it was not to be denied that Miss *Jenny* was a very good Girl, yet in this corrupt Age, Rakes made no more of decoying a young Girl, than of drinking a Glass of Water.

AFTER a great Deal of such fine Discourse, he ask'd *Gripe* the Name of his intended Son-in-Law, and when the Marriage would be? *Gripe* told him,



him, that the Banns had been twice already publish'd at St. *Dunstan's*, and in two or three Days the Match was to be, and that Mr. *Smart* was the intended Bridegroom. Mercy upon us! Cries *Fillups*, *Smart* is already engag'd to my Neighbour Miss *Lucretia*;—I have seen—I have read,—nay, I have in my Custody,—a Promise of Marriage signed by Mr. *Smart* to Miss *Luc*.

You surprizé me, says *Gripe*, pray give me a particular Account of this Matter;—but just as *Fillups* was going to speak, *Gripe* was called in Regard to the Cause he attended; and before that was finish'd, *Fillups* had given him the Slip.

OUR Proctor was naturally an errant Blow-Cole, and besides was extreamly attach'd to his Neighbour *Luc*, and  
her

her Interest ; having often regaled himself at her *Routs*.

FINDING therefore that *Fillups* was marched off, he conceived he was gone to acquaint Mrs *Gripe* and her Daughter, of Mr *Smart*'s Contract with *Lue*, and as he had no Mind to lose so rich a Son-in-Law, he hobbled home with all Speed, to expedite the Marriage, before his Antagonist could take any Steps to hinder it.

BUT *Fillups* was aware of this, for such Men (from knowing what may be done, often know what will be done) and therefore without saying a Word of the Matter, either to Miss *Lucretia*, her Uncle, or Aunt, that no Time might be lost, commenc'd a Suit, and made a Protest against the intended Marriage in the Commons,  
and

and not being content with this he serv'd on all Parties a *Citation*; except *Smert*, whose Place of Abode he was ignorant of.

AFTER this, he run all in a Sweat to Miss *Lucretia's* House, where he arriv'd just at three o'Clock; he bawl'd out that he had a Budget of News for her—That she was eternally bound to him by a thousand Obligations—that he had neither eat nor drank all Day—but had spent his whole Time in running backwards and forwards in her Service: And with many more such Prologues, he at last inform'd her of all the grand Exploits he had been doing.

*LUCRETIA* was infinitely astonish'd at his Tale; and blush'd more than ever she was known to have done  
in

48      *The* TEMPLE BEAU;

in her Life; and to repay all our Proctor's Civilities, she coolly told him, that in Truth he had serv'd her with a fiery Zeal indeed.

NOT having even taken Time to consult her Uncle or Aunt, or even herself in so tender a Business;—that for her Part she never intended to marry *Smart*, whom she detested; much less, would she ever have consented to have become the Subject of such a Law-Suit! To have her Name prostituted in a public Court, by a Sett of Proctors! Or her Reputation worried at the Bar, by a Pack of bawling Lawyers!

To all this our Proctor gave no other Answer than a Grin, and pugh, pish. Miss it's necessary to teach such Rakes not to make Dupes of People  
of

Or, *the* TOWN COQUETS. 49  
of Honour and Condition. We have  
a Contract under his Hand, and at  
least we will make him pay Damages,  
and smart severely for his Insolence.

LEAVE, leave me to act, and you'll  
presently perceive how I'll deal with  
him; and with that, he bounc'd out  
of the Room, locking all the Doors  
to hinder their running after him, to  
prevent the Suit. Thus *Lucretia*,  
(whom by good Luck he found a-  
lone) remain'd in extreme Perplexity  
of Mind.

THE Viscount had omitted visiting  
her for some Time, altho' he had left  
with her fatal Marks of their Amour;  
for a little before he abandoned her;  
she perceiv'd her Shape was alter'd  
surprizingly.

D

THIS



THIS induc'd her the more to press on the Marriage; but whilst he was almost brought to his last Shift for Delays, an Order suddenly came to him to join the Army in *Flanders*.

THIS he pretended to obey with the utmost Regret; and at the same Time he made the most solemn Protestations of returning soon to fulfil his Marriage-Engagement to her. Soon after this he went for *Brussels*, but what Time he will take to return, God only can tell, as he still remains abroad.

SHE sent after him many pressing Letters, but no Answer was made to them. At length, (but too late) she perceiv'd she was betray'd, and what made her rather think so, was, that for some Time before my Lord's  
De-

Departure, she had mis'd his Contract of Marriage. Which Way it was gone, she could not imagine, for she was sure she had kept it carefully lock'd up in her Cabinet.

BUT I'll unravel this deep Mystery.  
—— The Passion of the *Viscount* beginning to cool after Enjoyment, he reflected on the Folly he should be guilty of, if he kept his Word with *Lucretia*.

HIS Family would reckon themselves disgrac'd; the Consequence of which must be, that he should lose their Favour, and with it those large Possessions that were necessary to support his Birth.

AND on the other Hand he plainly saw, that if *Lucretia* should commence

a Suit against him, in Virtue of his Contract, the Business might end but scurvily.

AND besides, those Kind of Contracts always left a Man with his Honour sullied, by discovering his Baseness and Want of Faith; and at best the Event would be dubious; and however well it might turn out for him, yet such Contests were naturally very expensive. These Considerations determined him to make Use of a Stratagem to get free of this Scrape, wherein his too rash Love had hamper'd him.

To effect this the better, he carried *Lucretia* to Mr. M——'s India-Shop, and beg'd her to chuse the finest Cabinet she could find there, and not have Regard to its Price:  
She

She did, (thoughtless Girl) but the *Viscount*, before it was sent to *Lucretia's*, had false Keys made to it; after which it was sent Home with only one Set of Keys.

ON the Receipt of this Cabinet, Miss *Lue* put immediately into it all her Trinkets, and most valuable Effects, and with them the *Viscount's* Contract. Upon the Brink of his Departure, his Lordship call'd at *Lucretia's* at a Time he knew she was from Home, and as he was long accusom'd to an easy Access in this House, he desired to be carried to her Chamber, pretending to have somewhat of Importance to communicate to her when she return'd.

THUS being alone there, he made use of his false Keys, and made him-

himself Master of the Contract, without Miss *Lue*'s perceiving the Theft, who arriv'd soon after. She did not indeed miss it, 'till some Days before *Fillups* commenc'd his Suit with *Smart*, nor even then, did she, suspect her *Viscount*.

BUT when she saw he staid so long from her, and never took Notice of her Letters, she no longer doubted who had stolen the Contract. But however in the Midst of her Grief, she determin'd with herself, to make better Use of her other Conquests; and as there was now a Glimpse of Hope that she might get married, before her Misfortune was perceived, she began to be better reconciled to her Neighbour's indiscreet Zeal, who was helping her to a Husband, by Way of Justice in Spite of her Teeth;  
and



and she waited with Patience the Event of the Affair, reasoning thus with herself; that if she *got* the Cause, she obtain'd a Husband; which as Matters stood was extremely necessary; and if she *lost* it, she had only to say, she was a Stranger to the Suit; which was begun without her Knowledge, and this she Thought in either Case would justify her to the World. Nor had she Time then to consider more, for the Proctor's violent Proceedings had carried all the ill with it, that the Nature of the Thing would do.

HE made her the Town-talk, and subjected her to the Raillery of her Acquaintance; therefore, it was best to wait the Issue of the Cause with Resignation.

*FILLUPS* did not fail to return that Evening; he told her, he had been as good as his Word; but she not having yet conquer'd all Shame fell a trembling; and told him she found he had ruin'd her.

VERY pretty, (says he) you had well nigh brought yourself into a fine Scrape indeed; but in Spite of your Folly I have stop'd the Marriage, and they can't proceed 'till our Plea is heard.

BUT in the mean Time, tell me the whole Truth; has nothing in private past betwixt you? Have you copulated? Speak boldly, for it will help our Cause. By our Lady on these Occasions it's necessary to tell the Truth;

Truth; for After-thoughts are never minded.

SUCH gross Questions made *Lucretia* blush like Scarlet; she was so overcome with such downright Talk, that the whole Truth was at her Tongue's-End; and her Guilt made her think that *Fillups* knew the whole Story. But he thinking he had over-acted his Part, and that she blush'd at his foul Way of handling the Matter; Well, well (says he) I see all is safe, be as wise for the Future, as you have been hitherto, and take my Word for it, all will go well.

## C H A P. IV.

*A Disaster—A few ingenious Strokes of  
Altercation—A Law Suit threatened  
—Matters compromis'd.*

**D**URING these Transactions, Mr. Smart, who was wholly ignorant of them, went as usual to wait on Jenny in the Evening; and being well quoif'd and powder'd, he sprung out of his Chair as brisk as a Bird; full of his usual Affectation and Folly.

HE found the Mother and Daughter in the inner Parlour, mending the old Linen like good House-wives. He was surpriz'd indeed, at being receiv'd in a very cold Manner, and  
taking

taking Occasion from their Work to begin a Discourse, “Certainly, my  
“ good Mamma (quoth he) I and  
“ your Daughter are much oblig’d  
“ to you, for working thus late on  
“ the Wedding-Sheets.”

To this, his imaginary Step-Mother replied very pettishly, —“ It is indeed for my *Daughter* I work, but  
“ for *you*, that is out of the Question ;—and I must needs tell you,  
“ Mr. *Smart*, that considering the  
“ Affront you have put upon us, I  
“ wonder you have Assurance sufficient to darken our Doors. My  
“ Daughter, Sir, is young, and does  
“ not stand so much in need of  
“ Matches, we are much above going into Doctor’s Commons for a  
“ Husband for her. Go, get you  
“ to your *other* Mistress, who has  
“ a



“ a Contract of Marriage from you !  
 “ —And do not come here to dis-  
 “ honour us.”

Mr. *Smart* surpriz'd to the great-  
 est Degree, reply'd,—“ He had no  
 “ Engagements but with Miss *Jenny*.”  
 “ Yes, yes,” says old Mrs. *Gripe*,  
 “ tell those fine Stories elsewhere;  
 “ *old Birds are not to be caught with*  
 “ *Chaff*. Here, says she, *John* run  
 “ up Stairs, and fetch the *Citation* that  
 “ was deliver'd us this Morning.”—  
 And when it was brought, “ there Sir,  
 “ says she, see if I talk at Random.”

*SMART*, was like to have swoon-  
 ed when he cast his Eyes over the  
 Paper; for knowing the Pride of *Lu-*  
*cretia*, he could not conceive that her  
 Haughtiness would descend so low,  
 as to sue out a Husband, in the Com-  
 mons.

Or, *the* TOWN COQUETS. 61  
mons. He well knew, the Promise  
was made in a jesting Manner, with  
Design to bind neither of them, and  
therefore judg'd, that this Process  
was not begun by her Order. And  
said to Mrs. *Gripe*, " This is a low  
" Trick of some Enemy of mine,  
" and to-morrow I'll bring you a  
" Discharge from all these Questions,  
" attested by a Notary Publick."

" WE'LL have nothing to do with  
" *Notaries*, nor *Advocates*, nor *Proc-*  
" *tors*," reply'd Mr. *Gripe*, " I'll never  
" give my Daughter to a Debauchee  
" like you, who art in love with ten  
" Thousand of the Sex, at the same  
" Time;—the Husband for my Daugh-  
" ter, is one that can get his Bread,  
" and be constant."—

MR.

MR. *Smart*, who greatly disrelish'd the Conversation ; and was also uneasy to know the Bottom of the Business, took his Leave in a little Time ; nor had he Hardiness enough to salute his Mistress when he was going, a Thing very usual by declared Lovers. And *Jenny* only made him a slight silent Curt'sey, but in rising up, she let her Ball of Thread, and Scissors fall down—Mr. *Smart* ran to take them up, and *Jenny* stoop'd to prevent it ; but as both were rising up again, their Foreheads met so violently, that each receiv'd a Blow that caused a Bump.

*SMART* shock'd at this second Misfortune, was making the best of his Way out, but as ill Luck would have it, his Sleeve took hold of a *Standing-Buffer*, which giving Way, rattled

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rattled down all their China; the Pieces of which he was gathering up, in Order to send home the like; but his Shoes being new, and the Boards rubb'd smooth, his Heels in the Hurry flew up, and as it's natural for those who are falling, to catch at the first Thing in the Way, he seized on the End of a glass Sconce, which not supporting his Weight, the *Glass* and *Smart* both came tumbling down together. That which receiv'd the most Hurt of the Two, was the Glass, which broke in a thousand Bits; for poor *Smart* got only a large Gash in his Head.

MRS. *Gripe* being out of all Patience, to see her Furniture go thus to Ruin, reproach'd *Smart* with the Downfall of her Family, and called him Mr. *Confound-all*; and not content with

with that, she belabour'd him with the Handle of her Hearth-brush.

THUS all in Confusion, Mr. *Smart* whisk'd out of the Room, but opening the Door with some Violence, he over-set Miss *Jenny's* Harpsichord, which was in the next Room, and burst it to Pieces. Well for him it was dark, for the Noise Mrs. *Gripe* made at the Street-Door, would have rais'd the Mob upon him; without which Attendance, full of Rage, Indignation, Bruises and Wounds, he scamper'd away to his Chambers, determin'd to see Miss *Lucretia* the very next Morning.

EARLY the next Day, Mr. *Smart* was putting himself in Order, for the Visit to *Lucretia*, and to make the better Appearance, he call'd for some  
of



Or, the TOWN COQUETS. 65

of his lac'd Linen to be brought him, the Chitterling of one of which he found was wanting. Upon this, he sent for it to his Washerwoman, but the Servant return'd with an Answer, that she had it not.

MR. *Smart*, was too much of an Oeconomist to be satisfied with such a slight Account of his Apparel, and therefore, flew without loss of Time, to look himself for it; and being vex'd at the Loss, he toss'd over all the good Woman's Linen, both dirty and clean, and at last, found his dear Bit of Lace.

It may not be amiss to take Notice, that the Woman who wash'd for *Smart*, was also *Lucretia's* Landress; a good Kind of Woman, call'd Dame *Waters*, and very familiar with Ma-  
dam

dam St. *Laurence*. *Smart*, as he toft the Linen about, had observ'd one Shift of a very high Colour, and he ask'd in a sneering Way, "If that did not belong to *Lucretia*?" Dame *Waters* answer'd him in a short Manner, "No, truly Sir, Mrs. *Lucretia*, is the neatest Lady in *London*; not a Speck have I seen on her Linen these three Months, they are almost as clean, when I fetch them to wash, as when they go home."

"AND how does she do, says "Mr. *Smart*?" Dame *Waters* went on in the same canting Tone she had begun with. "Ah! poor Soul! " *Miss* is piteous ill indeed, when I see her in the Morning, she does nothing but vomit and reach, so sadly, that she can't bear her Stays to be laced; so she always wears  
Jumps.

“ Jumps of white Satin ; she does not  
“ indeed, at all Times, dear Lady,  
“ complain ; but hides so well her  
“ Illness, that even the Family are  
“ Strangers to it. After Dinner in-  
“ deed, she receives Company, as if  
“ nothing ail’d her. Alas ! She is  
“ the most patient, and best natur’d  
“ Soul alive.”

*SMART*, laying hold of these Words of Dame *Waters*, changed his Design of waiting on *Lucretia*, and went and consulted a Physician and Surgeon of his Acquaintance, and at Length, made no Question of the Truth, and he even went further than the Truth, in supposing her Relations had brought this Action against him, to get her a Husband.

He also concluded, that to hide her Shame, she had produc’d the  
Contract;

Contract of Marriage, he was Fool enough to give her. He also learned of his Friends, and indeed partly himself knew, as the Law was his Trade, that a young Woman, suing out a Marriage, and at the same Time big with Child, would more probably be heard in a Court of Justice, than all the Oaths he could make to the Contrary; and the Contract was a Kind of Proof that the whole was his Handy-work.

BESIDES, *Lucretia* was handsome, and the Life of the Law-end of the Town, so that all the young Lawyers swore she should carry her Cause right or wrong. For, although she was a known Coquette, yet her Gallantries were so well conducted, that no one dreamt the real State of the Case.

MR.

MR. *Smart*, seeing all these Things against him, was determined to get out of the Business, as well as he could ; for he thought that as soon as he had laid this Storm, he should be received again by Miss *Jenny*, with whom he was in Love to Distraction. And had he let Miss *Lucretia's* Lawyers known his Mind, the Business would have cost him dear enough.

HE therefore beat about for a good Pretence to wait on Mr. *St. Laurence*, the Plaintiff's Uncle ; for he durst not go outright to the House, for fear of adding to the Scandal.

AT Length, he got Admission to one of *Fillups's* Friends, that grand Plenipo and Director of these weighty Affairs ; who willingly enough listened to his Proposals. The next Day  
*Fillups*



*Fillups* waited on *St. Laurence*, and acquainted him of the whole Affair, and preached a great deal about his Attachment, and the Service he had been of to his Family.

THE good old Man was much surprized at hearing the Business, and wonder'd exceedingly that his Niece had not made him acquainted with it. But he was still much more surprized, when *Fillups* after having made a Rehearsal of these Matters, and the few Days the Cause had lasted ; told him, " If he would, the Process should be " ended out of Hand, for, says he, " *Smart* offers us great Costs and " Damages.

" THAT in a Word, *Smart's* Lawyer had been at his House, who " offer'd two thousand Pounds to be " paid

“ paid down, if Matters might be  
“ made up. I would have you to  
“ know indeed, (says *Fillups*) Mr.  
“ *Smart* does not in the least fear the  
“ Event of his Cause ; all he dreads,  
“ is the Umbrage that Miss *Jenny’s*  
“ Parents might take, if the Business  
“ goes on, and that he is on the  
“ Brink of Marriage, which if the  
“ Suit be continued, must be deferr’d  
“ for a Time. That in Effect, he  
“ sacrificed this paltry Sum to his  
“ Pleasure, which at another Time,  
“ he would not have done.”

All this he urg’d and more ; for in  
Truth, he had been well greased by  
*Smart* in the Morning ; and it was  
usual with this good Proctor, to take  
Fees on both Sides. He pressed it so  
home, and observed that there was no  
Need

Need to consult *Lucretia*, who being a *Minor*, could not act; and that her Uncle, who was her *Guardian*, was at Liberty to do what he thought the best, and most for her Interest.

IN a Word, the two thousand Pounds were paid on one Side, and a formal Discharge of the Contract was given on the other. *Fillups* elated with his Success, immediately flew to *Lucretia's* Apartment, and bawl'd out at the Door, "Well *Miss*, did not I  
 " tell you, I should get Damages and  
 " Costs,—See here! my little Wagtail,  
 " —here are two thousand Guineas;—  
 " look at them, if you have not lost  
 " your Wits;—had I left you to  
 " yourself you had been undone—  
 " come, make me your best Curt'sy,  
 " —or, be that as it will, I shall  
 " take

Or, the TOWN COQUETS. 73

“ take this hundred Pound Note for  
“ my Trouble.”

LUCRETIA, was as much surpriz'd at the Compromise, as she had been at his commencing the Suit.

SHE made him no other Answer than such as shew'd her generous Contempt of Riches.

“ IT is impossible for me (says she)  
“ to survive this Affair ; this abominable Suit, which was carry'd  
“ on against my Will.”

HOWEVER, she thank'd *Fillups* for his Attachment to her Interest, and made him double the Present he required.

F.

LUCRE-

*LUCRETIA*, was thus reduc'd  
to seek out some other Cover for her  
Shame; but we'll let her rest for the  
present, for Women in her Condition,  
can't bear too great Fatigue.



CHAP.



C H A P. V.

*Mr. Bedcott makes his Appearance—  
A Love Epistle—Curious Theatrical  
Remarks—Miss Jenny becomes a  
fine Lady, and goes into the polite  
World—A few Characters.*

**M**R. Smart, thus freed from his wicked Promise, ran directly to Jenny's Father, with the Discharge in his Hand; having first appeas'd Mrs. Gripe by sending her a large Glass, a better Harpsichord, and some fine *Chelsea* China. But it so fell out, that Mr. Gripe gave him a very cold Reception; and talk'd in a high Tone about the Folly of making such a Promise; and he even supposed, by the same Rule, that he might have

E 2                      promis'd

promis'd twenty more young Women, of which he should take Time to enquire, and therefore, he deferr'd the Match for two Months.

ALL this poor *Smart* was forced to bear, not a little regretting the Money he had paid, in Hopes of getting married in two Days.

BUT in Truth, the Marriage was not deferr'd on Account of the Promise made to *Lucretia*, but during the Clutter there had been about it, he had heard of another Offer made for *Jenny*, which he thought much more advantageous.

*GRIPE* was willing, as he said, to have two Strings to his Bow, he therefore only deferred it, 'till he had discovered which Party was the richest of the two, being determin'd at all  
Events

Events to leave the poorest in the Lurch. The new Gallant that was proposed to *Jenny*, was a Lawyer too, or at least one who had intitled himself to the Bar by putting on a Gown.

FOR twenty Years last past, he had constantly appear'd at the Hall, but during that long Time had never made so much as one single Motion; but on the contrary he spent his whole Time in Jabbering of News and State-Affairs; having mix'd himself with that Flock of Geese, that go every Day to *Westminster* to talk over the Secrets of Government, as if each of them were separately of the Privy-Council.

THUS he ever spent his Morning, and after Dinner, he lounged away

his Time, 'till it was very late, either at some Coffee-House, Auction or other Place, where it was attended with a very little Expence; for he was a Man on whom Avarice was very predominant. A Quality he had learn'd of his Father, who was a very wealthy Hatter on the Bridge, and who had multiplied his Money by double Usury. We shall call him *John Bedcott*, for his Name was that, or something very like it; but whatever it was, is but of little Importance to our true History. It's said his Son was very like him, being a pot-gutted, crookedish, thick-shoulder'd Fellow.

THE Chambers of Counsellor *Bedcott* were a perfect Musæum of Antiquities; not that he had any real fine Things in them, I speak only of  
of

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of his Furniture, and some hard Gothic Inscriptions which he had gather'd up at the Sale-shops, and for Fear they should be broke, he had plac'd 'em in wicker Baskets, as if they had been the finest China-Ware.

HIS Chimney was furnish'd with a parcel of old rusty Arms that had been of Service in the Civil War. He had also some Cages of Birds, which he had bred, and nurs'd up himself in his Apartments.

THERE was but one Thing he was ever known to spend Money on, and that was his Library, where one may say, he had all the Books in the World, But all bought at the cheapest Rate.



AN Author, that had wrote many Volumes was always made up of different Sizes, Binding and Editions, and mostly incompleat. But his chief Delight was in Books in the Gothic Texts, with wooden Prints in them, for such he always bought by Weight.

HE avoided all good Company for Fear of embarking in some Expence. Indeed, once he was a Member of a Club frequented by Men of Wit, but he left their Society, because that once a Quarter he was forc'd to pay *Six-pence* to a Man that swept the Room.

THIS Objection of his afforded the Company great Pleasure, for they had found out, that his Mind was like

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like a Pumice-Stone, impossible to be polish'd. Some good Qualities, he had, such as Chastity and Sobriety; these were as predominant as his Stingyness; he was also modest as a Virgin, which might have been of Use to him had he been young.

For if he chanc'd but to look on a Woman, he became as red as a Turkey-Cock. Nay, so very shamefac'd was he, that if at any Time, he had occasion to talk to a Woman, he always turn'd his Head another Way; and twisted his Buttons or his Hat, gnawed his Gloves, or else scratch'd himself where he did not itch.

INDEED his Dress was as ridiculous as his Mien; he was a *Salma-*  
E 5 *gundi*

*gundi* of all the different Modes that have reign'd for the last fifty Years.

HE had a little shallow Hat, tho' his Head spired up like a Steeple; his Shoes were broad, square-toed, and high heel'd, and he never thought himself well drest, without he had a Bunch of Ferrit in them; he wore strait Sleeves, and no Plaites, for that he thought saved Cloth; and from Head to Foot he was clad at this fantastical Rate.

WHAT a pity it is, that so hopeful a Stick of Wood, should be without Branches! This he thought himself, or some-body else put into his Head. But the grand Misfortune was that whenever he married, the Treaty must be brought about by Embassy,  
like

like the Marriage of great Princes; tho' not out of Grandeur, but through Shame-facedness.

AFTER some Deliberation, he set about marrying in good earnest. He began to spruce himself up; he sprinkled his Hair with a little Flour; had his Hat scour'd; lengthened out out his Cloak; nay he even put on Ruffles, (but they look'd rather like Tape than Ornaments, they were so short) and he became somewhat more sociable than he used to be. One of his Cousins seeing this, mentioned him to *Mr Gripe* as a Son-in-Law who look'd on him as an *Adonis*, as he had fifty thousand Pounds, capital Stock in the Funds.

*John*

' *John Bedcott* Esq; being so exceedingly rich, Matters were soon settled with Mr. and Madam *Gripe*; for had he wanted all his Fingers and Toes, it would have been a Matter quite indifferent to them.

BUT our poor *Bedcott* found himself horribly hamper'd how to make Love to Miss *Jenny*. He made a hundred Excuses about going, said it was Time enough to see her yet, it would be as well when the Writings were done.

THAT he did not mind Beauty, and that whatever she was, he would take her for better and worse. But, says his Cousin, whose Name was *Harris*, what if the young Woman should not like you.

FOR



For that cries *Bedcott* no honest Woman ought to dislike her Husband. Notwithstanding all this, the Marriage Settlements went on a-pace, and *Harris* seeing it impossible to get the better of his Coz's Modesty, was determin'd at all Rates to bring them Face to Face.

To accomplish this, he invited *Bedcott* to his House one Day, when he knew that Mrs *Gripe* and her Daughter would visit his Wife. Mr *Bedcott* was very exact to his Engagement; without at all surmizing the Ambush that was laid for him, and he had been there but a little Time ere Mrs. *Gripe* and *Fenny* came in. He blush'd, was excessively out of Countenance, and was making off; but

but *Harris* seizing him by the Arm, said as follows.

“ STAY, sweet Cousin, you are in  
 “ Luck to Day; here’s the young La-  
 “ dy that is to be your Wife, and  
 “ the good Lady your future Mo-  
 “ ther in Law.”

THIS Proceeding made him all Con-  
 fusion, but finding it impossible to  
 escape, he made two Scratches with  
 each Leg to the Ladies, and sat  
 down very quietly, trusting to *Har-  
 ris’s* urging Matters Home for him.

HE was seated pretty near Miss  
*Jenny*, and having put his Hat on his  
 Knees, and rubbing his Hands toge-  
 ther, after he had kept Silence some-  
 Time, he at length open’d the Conver-  
 sation. “ Hey day! (says he,) then  
 it’s

"it's you pretty Miss, they have talk'd  
"to me so much about."

JENNY reply'd with her usual  
Innocency, "I don't know, indeed Sir,  
"who may have talk'd of me to you;  
"but I am very sure that no body  
"ever mentioned you to me."

"WHY how now! (Miss, says he)  
"surely they would not marry you,  
"without mentioning it to you?"

"THAT I can't tell neither," says  
Jenny.

"BUT tell me, Miss, quoth *Bedcott*,  
"what Answer shall you give, if this  
"Marriage is propos'd to you?"

"I SHALL say nothing, says *Jenny*.  
"That will be *well* for me," cried  
*Bedcott*

*Bedcott* aloud, (grinning, at thinking he was going to say a good thing)  
 “ for you know Madam, as the Pro-  
 “ verb says, *Silence gives Consent.*”

As to your Proverbs, Sir, I know  
 nothing of them neither, all I know  
 is, that in even Matter, “ I shall  
 “ obey my Papa and Mamma.”

“ But suppose they gave you an  
 “ Order to fall in Love, with such  
 “ a brave old Boy as I am ?”

“ I shou’d not do it, (says *Jenny*)  
 “ for don’t all the World know that  
 “ our Parents teach us, never to fall  
 “ in Love with Boys?”

“ OH! ho! I understand you, (says  
 “ *Bedcott*) and now you *are* my Wife.”

“ No,

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“ No, no, (says she,) it is not so  
“ yet, nor perhaps ever may, for  
“ many Things happen betwixt the  
“ Lip and Cup.”

MRS *Gripe*, who thirsted after *Bed-*  
*cott's* Wealth, like the Hart after the  
Water-Brooks, held it high Time  
to side with her Son-in-Law. “ You  
“ must not mind, (says she) Mr *Bed-*  
“ *cott*, what our Girl says, she is but  
“ an innocent Child, and quite silly.”

“ MADAM, (says *Bedcott*,) don't  
“ tell me that ; she's your Daughter,  
“ and your perfect Likeness ; as for  
“ me, I chuse a young Wife, because  
“ she'll be obedient, and do as she's  
“ directed.”

“ My Girl, (says Mrs *Gripe*) has been  
“ ever prudently brought up, and to  
“ manage



90      *The TEMPLE BEAU;*

“ manage well, and we shall deliver  
“ her to a prudent Man; *Jenny* has  
“ ever work’d from Morning till  
“ Evening,”

“ WHAT (ask’d *Jenny*) am I to work  
“ when I am married? I thought  
“ when married, one was only to  
“ play, walk, pay and receive Visits?  
“ If that he not the Case, I had ra-  
“ ther remain as I am; to what Pur-  
“ pose is it else to marry?”

*HARRIS*, who was quick and very malicious began to smile, and said, his Cousin was better bred than to expect his Wife to be a House-keeper.

“ You reckon without your Host,  
“ (says *Bedcott*) every Man that mar-  
“ ries, does and will expect his Wife’s  
Com-

“ Company, and she must look after  
“ the House, or otherwise she may  
“ ruin him, were he as rich as *Cæsus*.  
“ For my Part, I’ll have a Wife that  
“ will do what I order, and obey her  
“ Husband.”

You talk, at a rare Rate, says  
*Harris*, but Batchelor’s Wives are  
finely manag’d; this he said to turn  
the Discourse. And the only civil  
Thing *Bedcott* did, or said, whilst he  
was with them, was in offering to pare  
her a Pear, but just as it was done,  
it slipt out of his Fingers, and fell  
on the Floor, and when he stoop’d  
to snatch it up in a great Hurry, a  
Noise was heard which proceeded  
from a Place, which it may not be  
so decent to mention; and to make  
it still the more offensive, he ask’d  
a thousand Pardons of the Compa-  
ny

ny for the Accident; to which *Jenny* pretty briskly reply'd, she had not one at his service.

AFTER more such fine Discourse, the Visit finish'd, and *Bedcott* waited on the two Ladies Home to their House, and all the way took the Wall of them, not out of Pride or Ambition, but through Ignorance.

HE had no sooner left them, than *Jenny* cried out to her Mother; My God! Dear Madam! what a shocking Man is that! But she bid her hold her Tongue, and said, she did not as yet, know what was good for herself.

THE Beauty of Miss *Jenny*, made so lively an Impression on the Heart of our *Miser*, that he became quite ena-

enamour'd with her; and he beg'd Mr *Harris* to do all that in him lay, to expedite the Marriage. Nor wou'd he trust to that alone, for he was determin'd to write to her his whole Mind, in a Letter. He thought, and bethought; seal'd, and unseal'd his Epistle twenty times, at length on gilt Paper, (the first of that quality he had ever used) and the first Essay of his Heart were jointly issued forth.

HIS Foot-boy who came from *Wales*, the worthy Servant of so deserving a Master, was trusted with the Overflowings of his Heart. He charg'd the Boy, upon many Pains and Penalties, to deliver the Letter into Miss *Jenny's* own Hands.

THIS

THIS indeed he did, but he forgot to tell him to whom it was address'd, or from whom it came.

Miss *Jenny* only ask'd him if the Postage was paid, and carry'd it instantly to her Father, to whom she thought it belong'd. For it was usual for her to take in Letters for him; and having never yet received any *herself*, it never once enter'd into her Head to look at the Direction, nor indeed am I certain that it had one.

GRIPE took the Letter, and read it; at the same Time admiring his Daughter's want of Curiosity; and the fine Style, and Wit, and superb Expressions of his intended Son in Law.



THE Foot-boy returning without an Answer. *Bedcott* ask'd him, what made him stay so long? But the Boy having been to see *Sights*, gave him but a blind Account of the Matter; and bringing no Answer he conceived the Letter was never deliver'd. This determin'd him at all Events to go himself that Evening, and immediately flew to Mr *Harris*, to desire him to introduce him outright.

*HARRIS* was quite charm'd to see his Cousin become so orderly a Lover, and rejoiced at the Change work'd upon him, for he never could have thought that *Bedcott* would have become so hardy a Lover as to wait on his Mistress in Person,

HE was very well received by both the Daughter and Mother; and

as

as he was not so gay a Spark as Mr *Smart*, the old Woman did not scruple to leave the Lovers alone. *Bedcott*, impatient to know the Success of his fine Epistle, after the first Compliments made, ask'd if she had received the Letter, and why she was so cruel as to send him no Answer? she said, she never look'd at the Letter that came, but it was answer'd by the Post.

“ I talk not, (says he ) of Post Letters; the Letter I mean, is that my Boy brought you to-day?”

“ A LETTER for me, says *Jenny*, do you think that modest Girls receive Letters? Why was it not a Letter about Business?”

“ No (says *Bedcott*) it was I, that had the Boldness to write to you.”  
“ To

“ To write that Letter to me,  
“ says she, why you were in *London*;  
“ you take me for an ignorant Body  
“ indeed, to suppose that I don’t  
“ know that all Letters come out  
“ of the Country? We receive twenty  
“ every Day, and my Father does  
“ nothing else but complain of the  
“ Charge of Postage. But why, Sir,  
“ says our Innocent, should you write  
“ to me? Am not I here on the Spot,  
“ whom you may see whenever you  
“ please?”

*BEDCOTT*, took hold of these Words,  
and as he look’d on his Letter as a  
Master-piece; “ Why (says he) as  
“ you are desirous to know the Con-  
“ tents of the Letter, I have for-  
“ tunately kept a Copy of it; here  
“ it is,” (pulling it out of his Pocket)  
F and

and at the same time beginning to read it, for fear of a Reply in the Negative.

*Miss JENNY, my Heart's Delight,*

“ **H**AVING obtain'd the Authority  
 “ and Consent of *Messieurs*  
 “ your Parents, who permit me to  
 “ hope to enter into their Alliance,  
 “ I don't believe it is a Breach of  
 “ good Manners, to trace out these  
 “ few Lines; and to make you there-  
 “ in the under-written Declaration.  
 “ Which is; that I offer you a  
 “ Heart quite new, quite pure, and  
 “ quite neat, and where, as on  
 “ Virgin Parchment, your Image  
 “ is painted; having never been ful-  
 “ lied by any other Crayon, or Pic-  
 “ ture whatever impress'd upon it.  
 “ But more fitly may I say, that I  
 “ am a Copper-Plate, which by the  
 “ Needle

“ Needle and Poignancy of your Re-  
“ gard, am etch’d with your fair Fi-  
“ gure; and which being stain’d with  
“ the Tears of your Rigour, you  
“ may take Proofs from me, every  
“ Hour of the Day. O! that in Re-  
“ venge, I could see your Heart a-  
“ like engrav’d with my dear Image.  
“ But not to push this Allegory too  
“ far, I wish these sincere Thoughts,  
“ may press, and incline you to Mar-  
“ riage; and that we soon may be  
“ rivetted with Adamantine Cramps  
“ to each other, in one Habitation;  
“ where we’ll learn to lead a tran-  
“ quil Life, all the Hours of our  
“ good Days. I wish you a good Hour  
“ of the Day, and good Hours and  
“ Days for ever, from your very hum-  
“ ble and affectionate future Hus-  
“ band

JOHN BEDCOTT.



Miss *Jenny* listen'd with all her Ears to the Letter, and thinking she had not been attentive, because she understood it not, desir'd *Bedcott* to read it over again. This he did with great Glee believing it to be a Mark of its being a Master-Peice of its Kind. But when he came to the Word Allegory, she stopt him short: Crying, "for God's sake, Mr. *Bedcott*! is not that Word some vile *Double-tander*? Does it mean no ill?" And just as *Bedcott* was going to explain the Meaning; "No, no, says she, I won't hear the Meaning of the filthy Word; Mamma, has always bid me not listen to nasty *Double-tanders*, put it up, Sir, I beg;" and then she flew to her Mother, and *Bedcott* after her; who having nothing to say all the rest of the Night, was forced

ced

ced to pass his Time, in sitting very quietly, and helping her wind up Balls of Cotton.

It happen'd that Evening, Mrs. *Harris*, the Wife of *Bedcott's* Cousin, came to pay Madam *Gripe* a Visit. Mrs. *Harris* was a Woman of Wit, and who lov'd to keep good Company; for which Reason, she seldom visited at *Gripe's*, she and her House being equally dull.

THE Minute she enter'd, Mrs *Gripe* began in her usual Way to worry her to Death about the Affairs of her Family. She complain'd of the Cares of having Children; of the Villainy of her Servants; of her Intention of turning hers all out of Doors; of each of which she gave a compleat History, both as to their good and ill Qualities;

ties; and at length desir'd to know if Mrs *Harris* could not recommend any, to supply their Places? Then she went on to complain of House-keeping; of the Dearness of Provision; and that to keep a Table now a Days, was a bottomless Pit of Expence.

By that time she had finished her tedious Narrations, old Mr. *Gripe* returned Home; he had at the Expence of a *Creolian* Client of his, been pampering his Body the whole Day. He had din'd at the *Ship* on *Turtle*, and finish'd the Debauch at the *Play*; this high Kind of Living, with a Gallon of Wine he had guzzled down, had put him in tip-top Spirits.

It was therefore to no Purpose for him to enter his Study, to scribble 'till Midnight according to Custom.

As

As soon as he was seated, he bawl'd out, in a marvellous Transport, " that  
" he had seen the finest new Play in  
" the World! That the House was  
" quite full! And that he had beheld  
" at least twenty Thousand Black-  
" guards and Pickpockets!"

MRS. *HARRIS*, who doated on Plays, eagerly ask'd him the Name of this fine Play?

" HAVE Patience, Madam (says he)  
" and you shall be satisfied. There  
" was a Fellow in it call'd *Cinna*, who  
" took it into his Noddle to kill  
" a certain Emperor; for which pur-  
" pose, he made a League offensive  
" and defensive with one Mr. *Max-*  
" *imus*, or some such Name; but it fell  
" out, that some old Woman disco-  
F 4 " ver'd

“ ver’d the Plot. There was also a-  
 “ nother Woman that appears’d all  
 “ this Strife; and then the Emperor ap-  
 “ pear’d sitting in a great Chair, with  
 “ two special Pleaders by him; and  
 “ so the Play being thus full of a  
 “ thousand unforeseen Accidents; af-  
 “ terwards the King pardons the Tray-  
 “ tors; and then at the End, the Em-  
 “ peror and they are as loving as so  
 “ many *Tantany Pigs!* Faith, ’twas the  
 “ finest Piece that ever was acted.”

METHINKS, says Mrs. *Harris*, its a  
 pity you were not desir’d to write the  
 Prologue, you have so wondrous a  
 knack of describing Tragedy! But  
 here, she was interrupted by the Ar-  
 rival of Mr. *Smart*.

Mr. *GRIP E*, being *half-seas-over*,  
 received him in a civiler way, than he  
 was used; not but that he intended to  
 break off with him, the very first fault  
 that



that *Smart* should commit. After *Smart* had made his Bows, applying himself to Mrs. *Gripe*, "Well, my good Mother, is my Pardon seal'd?"

"I DON'T know what you mean by sealing, says she, with your Pardons and all?"

"I MEAN, says *Smart*, is my Fault drowned in the River of Oblivion?"

"What River of Oblivion? says *old* Mr *Gripe*, Forgetfulness belongs to Dogs?" And then he fell a laughing, dreaming he had said the most severe thing in the World.

"WHY, says *Smart*, if I did any Mischief, I have amply repaid it; if not I am ready to make a full Retribution."

“ IT is not for that, (says Mrs *Gripe*)  
 “ I am angry with you. No, no, it  
 “ is because you are a vile Rake, a  
 “ Debauchee, and a perfidious Villain.”  
 To back this polite Speech, the *old*  
*Lawyer* added, “ that he was so shock-  
 “ ing a Fellow that he would have  
 “ nothing more to do with him.”

*SMART* was purposing to justify his Character, but both the Husband and Wife began such a Yelling, that he was glad to get away at any Rate. Upon this, Master *Tommy* (*Gripe*'s youngest Son) rode into the Hall upon a Stick, and the old Father, to please the Child did the like upon a Broom.

Mrs. *HARRIS* laugh'd very heartily, to see the old Fool make such an Ass of himself. But Mr. *Bedcott*, to shew his reading, observed, that those  
 who

who had read *Plutarch*, must needs remember that *Agislaus* was once surprized in the like Action, and that all he said to those that beheld him, was, that *he desir'd they would suspend their laughter, 'till they themselves had Children.* This Case, exactly in Point, stop'd Mrs. *Harris's* Mouth, and made *Gripe* admire the great Erudition of his intended Son in Law.

' The rest of the Evening's Conversation, was spent in such like Follies; so that the good Mrs. *Harris* was horribly fatigued, and took her Leave; and Mrs. *Gripe* desir'd all the Company to depart at the same Time; for that the usual Hour of locking up the Doors was past. After this Visit, poor *Smart's* Affair went on daily from bad to worse, and *Bedcott's* took just the other Turn.

I DON'T

I DON'T mean, that Miss *Jenny* favoured one more than the other, for she was equally indifferent to them both, or rather she had for both an equal Detestation. But Mr. *Gripe* being determin'd not to let *Bedcott's* immense Wealth slip through his Fingers, only defer'd the Marriage, till he had found a good Opportunity to quarrel with *Smart*. Things being thus settled to his Mind, he thought it might not be amiss to let Miss *Jenny* see a little of the World, and have some Education bestow'd upon her.

To effect this grand End, they began with allowing her more Liberty than usual in the House. They also had a first rate Dancing Master, who came to here very Morning to fashion her, and instruct her in his Art. But one Thing the *old Woman* insisted on, viz. that the  
first

first Dances she should be taught, should be *Green Sleeves*, and *Thomas I Cannot*; which Dances she averr'd were danc'd at her Wedding, and were to be justly preferr'd to all others.

THEY also agreed she should see Company at Home and go a visiting with Mrs. *Harris*, to all those polite ones that liv'd in her Neighbourhood. *Jenny*, tho' she seem'd filly and stupid, was nevertheless very well received at all *Drums* she went to, on Account of her excellent Beauty; for a handsome Person is always an Ornament to a Rout.

AMONGST these there was a certain Assembly, that distinguish'd themselves by the Title of *the Brilliant Club*. They consisted of both Sexes, and set themselves up for Wits. Their chief Business was to invent Lies on all Sorts  
of



of People for which Reason, they were generally call'd *the Lying Club* by the rest of the Town. It was held at the House of a young Lady whom we shall call *Angelica*; who, as she was a Lady of great Merit, so I don't very well know, how she became imbark'd in this Assembly. She had learnt some Languages, and had read most Authors of Note. But she hid her Knowledge, as tho' it was a Crime. However, she was never ashamed to give just Opinions of Men and Manners, tho' to what she said, the rest of the Company hardly ever attended.

To say the Truth, this Assembly was like all others, the major Part of the People that frequented it not being over-wise; therefore they ever sided with that Opinion, which had most Votes. We may compare her to *Cassandra*, who was never believ'd when  
she

Or, the TOWN COQUETS. III

she spoke Truth. One of her Cousins, a Member of this *Ruëlle*, generally carried off all their Opinions to the side she inclin'd; she affected to be learned, with a Pedantry that was not to be born.

ONE of her Lovers, forsooth, taught her Latin, another Italian, a third Astronomy, and a fourth the Art of Verifying. So she had just as many Masters, as humble Servants. This Lady's true Name was *Abigail*, but the Name she assum'd was *Partbenissa*, which it's presum'd she borrow'd of *Bridget Tipkin* in the Play.

BUT as one of her Admirers was himself a Character, I shall set him out in full Length, his Name was *Jackson*, a tall lank Body, with a very sharp Nose; he set himself up for

a Man of Travel and Education, for having left his Country for Debt in his Youth, he had moved from Garret to Garret throughout most great Towns in Christendom, till the Age of forty five, when on the Death of his Father he return'd home. He was Son to a Hedge Attorney in a Country Village, who being quite sick of his low Trade, had put on the Bar-Gown; but having neither Learning, Knowledge, or Experience for such a Business, he found himself absolutely without Clients, and therefore wisely retired to the Country, and employ'd himself in bringing up ten Children he had by his Lady, whom he had advanced from the Kitchen to his Bed: Thus nobly born Mr *Jackson* after his Travels, where its believ'd he lost his Wits, assum'd to himself the Conceit of his being  
born

born of an illustrious Family, altho' the whole World and he himself also knew he only was the Grandson of a shabby Attorney, whose Father was a low Husbandman; yet forsooth, nothing was good enough for our new Man of Quality to be civil to. Nothing ever equall'd his Pride and Insolence, insomuch that within a Year after he returned Home, he had been kick'd out of the Houses of all his Country Neighbours, who could not conceive that our Hero was so great a Man as he pretended; as most of them could prove his Parents had been Stewards or Rent-Gatherers for their Ancestors.

BEING thus a second Time driven from his Country, he hired Chambers in Town, where, at this and other Routs, he may vaunt of his Race  
without

without being detected till Dooms-  
Day. Mr. *Jackson*, as *Partbenissa's*  
Mind was just like his own, set up  
for an Admirer; he had no great  
Beauty indeed to recommend him as  
a Lover, for his Complexion was of  
a Monkey Tint; over which Age  
and Ill-nature had cast a yellow Tinge,  
so that he exactly resembled in Hue  
an over-grown Toad-Stool, and for  
the rest, from Head to Foot, he was  
a very Satyr.

His Mouth was wide, and his  
Teeth long, which shew'd his natu-  
ral Disposition to bite and worry;  
and on his Countenance sat a malici-  
ous Grin, as if determined at all  
Times to exhibit his tusky Tangs, to  
the Terror of all Beholders.

His Eyes, were sunk deep in his  
Head



Head, and in them shone a Ferret-like Kind of Fire, with which he div'd into his Neighbours Misfortunes; and which he ever exaggerated and multiplied; for there never liv'd so great a Lyar, or ever existed so envious a Soul; if he had been consulted at the Creation, nothing had happened as it is, all good things he wou'd have had reversed, to put *Ill* ones in their Place; and at the Prosperity of another, as the Poet says;

*As pale and wan, as Ashes was his Look,  
His Body lean and meagre as a Rake,  
And Skin all wither'd like an aged Rook.*

THESE two Devil-Things were ever grinning and sneering at the Rest of the Company, so that in a short Time, their Conversation was *Tete a Tete*; I have since been told, that their Love ended in Marriage, and that they liv'd well

well enough together for a Month, after which they parted far as they Poles afunder.

BUT as in this mixt Society there were Geniuses of all Kinds, so the finest sort of Man amongst them was Mr. *Blaze*, the Admirer, and humble Servant of *Angelica*; and who did all he could to obtain her good Graces.

THERE was also a certain Author, one Mr. *Colley*, belonging to this polite Assembly, whose Peices had been well received in his Youth; but at present he was so decry'd that not one Bookseller in Town would print his Works. For which Cause he endeavour'd to make himself amends, by reading his Productions aloud, in all Companies he came into. But here, by your Leave kind Reader, I shall stop short, for shou'd I stay to describe all Mr. *Colley's*  
Im-

Impertinencies, as well as those of many more, who constituted this extraordinary Club, I shou'd too long defer the two Marriages I have on my Hands.

LET it suffice then to say, that there met every Night at *Angelica's* House a Mass of People, few of which will be Heroes in our History. The Day that Miss *Jenny* was presented to *Angelica*, the Assembly was not so crouded as usual, and therefore it fell out that the Talk was witty and agreeable enough.

FOR altho' *Jenny* did not join much in the Conversation, yet she was very attentive to a Discourse which it may not be amiss partly to insert in this Book. As soon as the first Compliments were made, which the most ingenious People, sometimes perform with Success; for it consists only in a  
pro-

118 *The* TEMPLE BEAU;

profound Bow and somewhat mutter'd  
betwixt the Lips, which no body under-  
stands; *Partbenissa* who could only  
endure such Talk as favour'd of know-  
ledge, soon cut their Discourses short:  
She complain'd of Mrs. *Harris*, who  
had set out with talking of the News  
of the Town, and of the Neighbourhood,  
told her such Talk, was like that at a  
Christening, or the mere Discourse of  
Godmothers; whereas polite People,  
should only talk of Books, of Learning,  
of Plays, &c. from whence, she fell  
foul of several modern Authors, till  
her whole Stock of Criticism was spent.

God knows if those Remarks she  
made were just, or not; but I must  
beg Leave to omit this part of the  
Night's Conversation, for had I been to  
determine the Business, it's most proba-  
ble it would have fallen diametrically  
op-

opposite to the Verdict she gave; tho' this with the Company would seem a capital Crime. They would perhaps have used me worse than a Historian, or Gazetteer-Writer.

BESIDES this Rout consisted of such fine Men! Men of so much Delicacy! that one ought to be well upon one's Guard, as to what is said, for the least Word of Raillery, or even a modest Commendation equally sets them in a Flame, and renders them your irreconcilable Enemy. For this Reason, I dare not give you an exact Detail of all that pass'd, but only of what past in general. Afterwards the Discourse turn'd on the subject of Poems, and of the Way to become eminent from such Writings.

“THE



“ THE greatest Pleasure, I can conceive, in this World is (saith *Parthenissa*), to be an Author; to be able to write a Book. It is in this alone, I envy the Men, they having produc’d so many.”

“ WHY for *that* ”(says *Angelica*),  
“ one need not wish to be of one or the other Sex; Women having in all Ages produc’d very good ones, even so good, as to be the Envy of the Men.”

“ THO’ that is undeniable(says Mrs. *Harris*) yet those who have wrote the best have conceal’d themselves, as if it were a Crime in us to write, and those who have done ill, in that Way, are the jest, and by-word of the World. So that tho’ the thing  
“ has

“ has certainly happen’d, yet, by this  
“ Concealment, we have reap’d but  
“ small Glory.”

“ FOR my Part, (says Mr. *Blaze*, who  
“ was *Angelica’s* Admirer) I am quite  
“ of another Mind; for I think, that  
“ those who hide their Knowledge, ac-  
“ quire a double Glory; for to *Instruct-*  
“ *ion*, they join *Modesty*.”

“ AND were I King (says *Colley*) I  
“ would hinder all Females from scrib-  
“ bling any Books; for under the Pre-  
“ text of some Romance, or little  
“ Peice of Poetry or another, they  
“ so sweep the Booksellers of all their  
“ Money, that none rests with them to  
“ pay for the Works of truly good Hi-  
“ storians, or even Philosophers. This  
“ Business, I have much at Heart; for  
“ I speak by Experience.

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To

To which Mr. *Paris*, another of the Company, reply'd, " One sees  
 " Sir, by your Warmth, that Interest  
 " directs your Opinion ; but surely, tho'  
 " many Poems and Romances are  
 " printed ; yet one daily sees many  
 " voluminous Books brought to light,  
 " both antient and modern. So I fear  
 " that such as the Booksellers refuse, it's  
 " rather for want of Merit in them."

As for you, Mr. *Paris*, (says *Colley*)  
 " 'tis but seldom you give your Friend  
 " a helping Hand ; your Satire, is on  
 " all Cafes predominant."

AND, says *Blaze*, " we live in a nice  
 " Age, Mr. *Colley*; and to say the  
 " Truth, one too often finds People  
 " aiming at great Works, that hardly  
 " can accomplish a good Sonnet."

ALL

ALL of a sudden Miss *Jenny* bawl'd out, who till then had been as mute as a Fish; nay now, you come to your *Sonnets*, I have one about me, that was left with my *Father* in praise of the *Law*. Upon which Mr. *Blaze* to induce her to talk, and out of good Manners, desir'd to see it. She begg'd to be excus'd, affirming it to be so very long, indeed, that reading it, would be taking up too much Time.

WHAT, Miss, says *Parthenissa* with a Sneer, can fourteen Verses take up so much Time!

“ My God! (says *Jenny*) my Sonnet  
“ is more than four Hundred Verses.”  
At the same Time she pulled out of her Pocket a Book bound in gilt Paper,

which consisted of one entire Poem. The Company, could not help laughing, at this Mistake of *Jenny's*; but above all *Parnethissa*; to whom Miss *Jenny* replied, with a Blush, "pray, is "not this Verse? I'am sure my Papa "told me it was?

"YES, Miss, (says *Blaze*,) it is most "certainly Verse."

"AND why then, (says *Jenny*,) since "all Sonnets are Verse, why is not this "a Sonnet?" This made the Laugh still louder; insomuch, that *Angelica*, out of mere Civility, was forced to run to Miss *Jenny*, and turn the Conversation, to put an End to the great Confusion the poor Girl's Ignorance had brought her into. Miss *Jenny* being thus convinced of her Deficiency in this Point, begg'd of *Angelica* to procure her  
some



some good Books to read, upon which she acquainted Mr. *Blaze*, who had a fine Library of Miss *Gripe's* Desire, who promised to supply her with all such Books as his Study afforded. But observing a Paper that *Angelica* had let fall, he ran and took it up. "O Madam," (says he,) having just cast his Eyes on "it, I find by the Superscription, that "this is the Essay you have so long "promised to favour the Assembly "with"—*Angelica* blush'd, and could not deny the Charge, whereupon Mr. *Blaze* immediately began reading it to the Company,



## C H A P. VI.

*The History of LOVE: A moral Tale.*

**V**ENUS being infinitely enraged with her Son *Cupid* for the many, and almost daily and hourly repeated Insults put upon the *Gods*, was determin'd to bring him to condign Punishment; and meeting *Mercury* full Post on a large Plain, in the Precincts of Heaven, she stopp'd him short, and laid open to him the Contents of her Mind.

**MERCURY**, who himself had suffer'd by him, readily joined with the Goddess, to bring this Urchin to a better and truer Sense of Things; and they so agreed it, that the next Day as *Cupid* was fondling with his Mother on her Knees,

Knees, that *Mercury* should seize him, and give him at least a hundred Bastinadoes with his Caducius. Matters being thus fix'd, *Cupid* had certainly been well chastis'd, to the Contentment of the whole Heaven, but that luckily for him, he was just at that Time (being almost spent with Mischief) seeking Repose under the Shade of a large Myrtle, that was near the Road, and so overheard the Plot just as *Venus* and *Mercury* had settled Preliminaries.

THE Minute they parted, *Cupid*, well knowing how indulgent all Grandmothers are to their second Offspring, darted himself without Loss of Time into the Sea; where quickly arriving at the Palace of *Thetis*, with many Sobs and Sighs, he related the Cruelty of his Mother, and her Abettor *Mercury*.

*THETIS* charm'd with her Boy, immediately took him, and shut him up in her own Closet, where for some Days he amused himself with pulling to Pieces all the fine Shell-Work, the principal Ornaments of that delicious Retreat. But soon growing tired of this Confinement, he stole forth into all the Avenues, Parks, and Gardens of *The-tis's* Palace, and quickly had Recourse to his old Trade; for he so wounded the Fishes with his Arrows, that ever since, these, 'till then, cold Animals; are become the most prolific of all sublunary Creatures. Insomuch that, *The-tis's* Kingdom suddenly became so populous, that ever since her Subjects are so barbarous, as to devour one another like Wolves. But indeed, had he stopt here, there had not been much mischief done; for afterwatds, he became more hardy

hardy and bold, and he shot his Arrows at the *Sirens* themselves, (who are *Opera-Girls* of *Thetis's* Court) and they gave way to Love; however virtuous such Ladies are known to be.

NOR did he rest satisfied with this; for being bent on higher Game, he let fly at the *Naïdes* (who are the *Maids of Honour* of the maritime Queen) and seeing one more prudish than the Rest, he wounded her so deeply, that she suffered herself to be seduced by the *Lord Treasurer of the Shells*.

BUT it was not enough for them to be in Love; a Place to satisfy that Love was the most difficult Thing in the World to be found; for as *Thetis's* Palace is built of the purest Crystal, it was impossible for them to satisfy their Inclination, without at the same Time



being discover'd by the *Tritons*, who are the *Life-Guards* of that Court. To conquer this Difficulty then, they agreed to meet near the *Carybdis*, where there is a Cascade in Form like a Gulf, and so dangerous, that scarce any one can pass it. However, they could not accomplish their little Affairs so silently, but they were heard by the *Dogs of Scylla*; for it's near that Place where *Neptune's Dog-Kennel* is. One of these Court-Dogs had no sooner begun to howl, but the whole Pack set up their Yelling, so that the Band of Musick, who live near to *Scylla*, and an old worn-out jealous *Triton*, who was Governor in these Quarters soon awaked. He insisted upon immediately knowing what was the Cause of all this Noise, fearing it was Rogues, that were come to rob him of those Treasures he had heaped up, according to the usual Custom

Or, *the* TOWN COQUETS. 131

tom of such great Lords, who plunder the Provinces they are sent to protect.

OUR unhappy Lovers were soon secur'd; the poor Maid of Honour was ready to die with Shame, and blush'd like a Lobster, and was mute as a Carp.

Now in these marine Worlds, Things run much on the same Plan, as here in broad Day-light; and the *little Folks* about the Court are equally as envious of their *Superiors*, as they are at *St. James's*; so that this old, surly Lord *Triton*, employ'd himself in writing Letters to his Friends at Court, fill'd with this new and agreeable Piece of Scandal.

THERE was soon so many Whispers, Songs, and Lampoons made, that in  
less

less than twelve Hours Queen *Thetis* was perfectly inform'd of the whole Story; which made her chafe, fume and swell to such a Degree, that whoever sail'd over her Back, were in a most dreadful Fright. In short, she conven'd the *Naiad*, and order'd her to be confin'd in a Prison of Ice in *Greenland*. And for her Seducer she sentenc'd him to a Snail-shell, where ever since he has lain snug; except that now and then he shews his Horns, to please spiteful Children. But as for *Cupid*, the Cause of all their Woe, *Thetis* determin'd to whip him soundly; and she order'd great Bunches of Coral to be torn from the Rocks, that he might be scourged with wet Rods.

Now Reader, if you didn't know it before, I must needs tells you, that  
when

when Coral is in the Sea, it is a Plant of a pliant Kind of Nature; like an Ozier, and only hardens and grows Red with being in the Air; so at least *Pliny* says, if he don't lye most confoundedly.

THUS *Cupid* is become in equal Danger, as when he left *Venus*; and he even beheld the *Crabs* which are the *Officers of Justice* to *Thetis*, preparing to lay hold of him; but heslipt out of their Claws like an Eel; for he is as nimble as a Fawn, when he's in the least Danger; and he got safe to Earth out of the Dominions of his *Granam*. He was not nevertheless out of his Region, for he landed in the Park of *Cibele*, his *Great-Grandmother*. But as she was old, wrinkled, hump-back'd, and had her Head cover'd with Church-steeple, he was afraid to go near her.

Besides,

Besides, having just escap'd scourging, which is the utmost Punishment for Children, he was afraid of all his Relations; therefore he was determin'd to lie *perdue*, and accordingly conveyed himself to the Hutts of some Shepherds, whom he saw at a Distance. These goods Folks receiv'd him very kindly, and the first Thing they did was to give him some Cloaths, as they found him all naked; little dreaming of that inward Heat, he carry'd about him.

It's impossible for me to determine, in so late an Age, whether the Fear of the Rod had made *Cupid* more cautious, or whether pitying the Ignorance of his Hosts, all the Time he staid in these Quarters; he forbore playing them any malicious Tricks. And to recompence them for his kind Reception,



Reception, he taught them to make Love. For before this Time, Mankind were unacquainted *how* to *make Love*; for all acted by Instinct just like the savage Beasts, that only aim to propagate their Species. This heavenly Passion then, till that Time, which so insinuates itself in our Hearts, which so ravishes our Souls, so entrances our Bodies, Men were ignorant of. This *Choice-Morsel*, till then, was reserved for the Gods. Every Body knows, that Love was originally bestow'd on Shepherds; to this we owe all those Pastorals, Songs, and Dances; and why should we wonder they become so excellent in this Art, as they had *Cupid* for their Master, who is the very God of Love? As all things are best at the Beginning; so Love was uncorrupt, and the first Lovers Flames were all pure and virtuous.

THIS

THIS little God then, so well manag'd his Darts, that the Shepherd and Shepherdesses burnt with mutual Flame. To please each other, both were attentive; their Affection was reciprocal; they never felt Disquiets nor Jealousies, because they never entertain'd libidinous Desires. This then was the Golden-Age of Love, when every one shar'd Love free from Pain. But *Cupid*, at length, growing tired of these fulsome People, left them, being determined to make the Tour of the World, which upon account of his Youth, had not till then fallen out. He flew therefore, to the first great Town he could find, where he stayed some Time to be acquainted with what was going forward in it. The first Thing he did, was to look out for a Service.

Now

Now I would not have my Readers surpriz'd, that fuch a God fhould feek out for fuch an Employment; for *Servitude* is his very Effence. By good Luck he got a Miftrefs that was well made, but with a silly looking Face, white Hair, a fair Skin, and a iittle too ruddy; her Eyes were blue, but without Meaning; ſhe was tall, but aukward, yet ſomething like handſome and agreeable; we ſhall (with your Leave) call her *Leonora*. All Mankind were equally indifferent to her, and ſhe ſhew'd a certain Contempt; which, however, proceeded not from Pride, but from a Coldneſs of Conſtitution, which made all her Admirers deſpair: Indeed ſhe was ſo very ſtupid, that ſhe ſeem'd to lay nothing to heart.

BUT

BUT *Cupid* was not long with her, before he practis'd the same Trade he did when with the Shepherds; for as he had nothing to value himself upon, but being a good Marksman, so he began to fear he should lose his Aim, for want of Practice. At first, by way of getting his Hand in, he shot at Random; rather out of Play, than with an Intent to wound; as Boys with Kex's.

ONE Day, when *Cupid* had taken full Aim at *Leonora*, he perceived his Arrow to rebound at his Feet; and on taking it up, found it was much blunted; this enraged our little Urchin to that degree, that he vow'd in Revenge, to wound her to some Purpose. To effect which, he chose out his sharpest pointed Arrows, and whilst she was at

a Place, where many Men were got together, he levelled several Shot at her, but they had no Effect on her Diamond Heart, and made no more Impression there, than Balls do against the Wall of a Tennis-Court ; so that though he wounded the Hearts of all that were present, who each in his Turn apply'd to himself *Leonora*, yet they hoped but in vain to obtain her Love.

At length *Cupid* perceived in a Corner an over-grown Booby, who had a Face that bespoke an inward Stupidity of Soul. He was lank, long, lean and boney, and when he mov'd he crawl'd about like a Snail, whistling for want of Thought ; and, to compleat his Figure, he had flaxen-colour'd Hair, which hung like a Pound of Candles dangling upon each Shoulder behind him ; *Cupid* posted himself to smite our She-rebel ; at this Shot,  
*Leonora*



*Leonora* lost all Coldness, and became violently in Love insomuch that, nothing but Modesty restrain'd her from acquainting this queer Spark of the true State of her Heart, which, however, she soon after did; and he, good Booby! as Luck would have it, return'd her Affection with an equal Sublimity of Sentiment.

NEVER was Love carry'd on, in so easy, indolent, and quiet a Manner. Neither had occasion to use Words or Sighs; never were two Souls so exactly pair'd. All the Address, that Lovers generally use, to bring about their Ends, was to these extraordinary People quite useless. He made Love with his *Eyes*, and she answer'd it by *Signs*, and the most serious Transactions of this Play of Love, was, that he *tooted* Hours together on his *Flute*, whilst

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whilst she beat Time to his Harmony.

OUR little God was piqued to Death to see these Drones make Sport of that which the most wise think a very serious Matter, and having nothing to do in this Love-affair but look on, without being once called to their Assistance, he began to consider what could be the Cause of this very uncommon Love-party : And at length he found that he had been deceived, in thinking that their Love was owing to his Darts ; for the Sympathy of their Affections, the Similitude of their Actions, Manners, and Persons, was the true Cause of their Love. Thus dissatisfy'd to the last Degree with serving such a Mistress, he desired his Wages, and sought for a new Place.

Hz

HE soon was introduced to a Lady, who past all her Time in Reading. Here he had great Hopes of improving himself, and thought to be always employ'd in some Business or another. This Lady, whom we shall call Miss *Blount*, had no Portion of Beauty; nay, to say the Truth, she was very ugly; so ugly, that I scarce dare describe her Figure for fear of offending the Niceness of my Reader's Imagination.

GREAT Readers have no time to spend in Dress, in painting and powdering. What was wanting in Charms was made up in a piercing Wit. She was well acquainted with Philosophy, and the deepest Sciences; not that she was at all curst with College-Pedantry; her Knowledge was of

a far better Stamp. Her Works, in Verse and Prose, drew about her a Crowd of the most celebrated Wits of the Age. *Cupid* having thus situated himself, was determined not to remain long idle ; but he was a long while afraid to shoot at his Mistress, finding so many pure Sentiments of Virtue and Temperance to combat with ; in-  
somuch that he began to entertain some Respect for his new Mistress, and even to stand in Awe of her. To this also he had a further Discouragement ; for he thought his Mistress so ugly, that in case he should wound her, yet he deemed it impossible amongst the whole Race of Mortals, to inspire one with a Flame for her. He was therefore determined to try the latter Scheme first, by shooting at all those wise and learned People that resorted to her House. But all this he found to be  
to

to no purpose, his Arrows, although drawn to the Head, might as well have been shot at the Wind. But what most enraged him, was the Flattery of these sage Personages, who not only prais'd the Wit of Miss *Blount*, and in their Poems and Letters to her celebrated her Beauty, but called her the Sun, Moon, rosy *Aurora*, &c. And in what did she resemble these Deities? Except we compare her to the *Sun*, because she was *burnt with its Rays*; and the *Moon* was only like her, because *she had a bloated Face*; and to the rosy *Aurora*, because she had a *red Nose*. How strangely then should we be deceived, if we should take a Poet in the literal Sense, that the Word seems to imply? These Poets form ingenious Ideas of Persons and Things, which seldom bear any Resemblance to the Originals; and the Case, is that Women



men love Flattery to that Degree, that however ugly they are, they never think Men flatter, when they praise their Charms, whatever they pretend to the contrary. For however quick sighted, they may be in other Matters, yet they never see their own Faults, or if they do, they excuse it to themselves by setting it against some other good Quality; and they so settle this Account with themselves, that the Balance always turns out in their own Favour.

BUT *Cupid* being very quick-sighted, plainly saw, that for all he could do, no one of his Mistress's Followers were the least touch'd with Love; for all the Darts he shot, when he gather'd them up, were not in the least bloody; a sure Sign of their making no Impressjon; and this did but the more determine him, to sub-

H

due

due their Pride, and punish them severely for their Neglect of the Lady. After having at length used his whole Quiver in vain Efforts, and not knowing where to get new Arrows, or even to find Iron to make their Heads of; he stole the *Blade* of our She-favourite's *Penknife*, and having fixt it to his Mind, he let fly at a certain *great Wit*, worthy of his Mistress's Triumph, and exactly suited to her own Form and Standard of make.

HIS Size was little, but was graced with a large Hump upon his Shoulders; his Legs were Catsticks, but unequally paired; he was almost blind with one Eye, and saw very little with the other; and round their Rims was a Scarlet Border of so good a Colour, that all the Water which plentifully issued from them, never faded  
their

their Tint. But if his *Body* was thus *odious*, his *Mind*, was a *Mass of Perfection*; and his Wit the most brilliant in the World. Had it been his Fate, to have made Love in *Spain*, which never happens but in the Night Time, he had past for a most accomplish'd Cavalier. Being thus suddenly wounded, it rained Songs, Sonnets, and Madrigals; never were Veins better warm'd, nor Genius more heated, nor ever was there so great a Profusion of Rhymes. Now indeed all those fine Things, he before said in Compliment, were turned all into Reality; he even now thought his Mistress *a real Sun, a true Star, and the actual Aurora*. And as his Love began from admiring her Wit; so the brilliant Things she said, quite persuaded him, that she had not a single Imperfection in her whole Body.

I CAN'T tell whether *one* Arrow of *Cupid* wounded both at the same Time, or whether her Flame arose from the fine Things he said of her; but certain it is, that she became equally in Love, with our deformed Hero. And she very wisely determin'd, not to let his Heart escape her; deeming it very unlikely that she should raise a second Flame. She therefore was not behind her Lover in either Prose or Verse, and *Cupid* was constantly spiring up Answers and Replies. The Moment he carry'd a Sonnet, he was sent back with an Elegy, and during the Interval of Time he took up on this Errand, a Madrigal was composed; and if by chance any Thing extempore came forth, he was dispatch'd with it, and forc'd to return with the Answer in a Trice; in which  
kind

kind of Work, our Lovers were so very quick, that they seem'd Jugglers exhibiting the Slight of Hand.

NOBODY got by their Love, but the Booksellers; no other Trade received any Benefit from it. No Presents of Fans, Handkerchiefs, or Toys; but all their Presents were Paper. They never once made a Ball, or a Concert, but there was Ballads in plenty; and what was still more wonderful, and directly contrary to the laudable Custom of the Times, there never were any Parties or Trips to *Marybone* Gardens, nor to any junketting Place whatever. Sometimes indeed, they walked out into the Park, but then there was nothing eat or drank, not so much as a Dish of Coffee. Little *Cupid*, ever used to Riot and Plenty, grew as thin as a Rake, on this Book-



worm Diet; and I'll tell you how the little Love escap'd being quite starv'd.

ONE Day, as his Mistress was retired to a certain Wood, breathing tender Sighs to the Ecchos and Zephyrs, he wander'd somewhat wide in the Thicket, where by good Luck he met a pretty Page belonging to a great Lady of Quality, who was giving an Entertainment at a House a little further in the Wood; and as no Creatures so soon become acquainted as Dogs and Pages (under which I comprize all the party-colour'd Tribe) Love and the little Page, soon struck up a Friendship together. He immediately carry'd *Cupid* to see the elegant Desert that was prepar'd for the Company; and their Mouths water'd to think of the Remains that would  
fall

fall to their Share. *Cupid* began to remember his old Feasts and Banquets, and Nectar of the Gods. But what the little Urchin admir'd the most, was a *Dish of Green Pease*, that cost the Fee-simple of the Ground, on which they grew. This good Cheer, and the Faith he had in his Companion's Word, easily made him agree to support the great Lady's Tail.

THUS he quitted his witty Mistress, without ever taking Leave of her; but he was vex'd when he recollected he had not filch'd some Verses from her, because she had made him pay for some Satires he had stolen to sell a certain Bookseller, who is a noted Receiver of stolen Goods of that Kind.

HIS new Lady did all in her Power to find him out elegant and rich

Dresses. It was she that invented the *Sash* he was drawn in by certain Painters, that scruple to draw him quite naked, and which Dress is even observ'd to this Day. However dangerous he was reckoned before, his former Tricks, were nothing to those he has play'd since the Invention of this loose Habit. The Lady *Ambrosia*, for that was the Name of his new Mistress, was a Lady of the first rate Accomplishments; for besides an uncommon Portion of Beauty, her noble Birth gave her a majestick Air, which lent her a Superiority over those who equalled her in Riches and Make; Incense and Adoration was the ordinary Tribute paid to her Merit.

*CUPID*, who had been brought up in Heaven, began to think himself in his own Country; and he diverted himself

himself without Controul in her Palace; altho' he was not known but in Masquerade, yet he was quite charm'd to see the profound Respect with which the Divinity he served was worshipp'd, by the most illustrious Persons. However, after some time he was provoked to find, that what Offers and Conquests his Lady obtain'd, she was still without any tender Sentiments, for any of her passionate Admirers. *Ambrosia's* Pride was such, that of all her large Train of Lovers, none durst approach her, but with downcast Eyes, altho' their high Merits entitled them to an equal Portion of Favour. This determin'd *Cupid* to humble this haughty Rock, which lifted up its Pride above the Clouds. But like an artful General, before he erected his Battery, he was determined himself to examine the Ground-work. His Di-

vinity easily enabled him to dive into her Heart; and he was amazed to find that *Ambrosia* had already what he design'd to make there, viz. a Heart most sensible to Love, and which blazed with the least Spark, that fell on it. But notwithstanding whatever Ardor Love inspires in those Hearts he is Master of, or whatever warm Declarations her Lovers made to her; yet the Lady *Ambrosia* was Proof against all their Attacks; so jealous she was of her Honour. And Pride was so predominant in her, that she had rather perish a thousand Times than abate the least Title of those high born Qualities. For she thought if she was to shew the least Compassion to those below her, that her Quality was lost; that her Lovers would be puff'd up with Vanity, and drop their wonted Incense to her; and that then  
her



her Reputation and Virtue would vanish. For this Reason, pious Lady! she refus'd all out-door Succour, and very prudently trusted her Honour to the Custody of a strapping *Irish* Porter; who guarded it so well, as to keep out all foreign Foes. But as ill Luck would have it, no Body was set to watch over the *Irishman*, who was sometimes called upon certain pressing Occasions, to chase away the Vapours, which sometimes are apt to over-power People of Condition.

THIS little domestic Spy, from whom no Breach of Honour ever escapes unnoticed, discovered one Day, this grand Secret; and to raise a just Shame in her, he appear'd before her in that majestic Form, and with all that Beauty, that the too curious *Psyche* ventur'd and paid so dearly for discovering

covering in him. He reproach'd her in the most severe Terms, with the grand and irreparable Scandal, she had thrown on the whole Empire of Love. With the Injury she had done to so many honourable Lovers, and the Meanness of trusting her Fame with so low a Gallant.

HE also let her understand, she did not deserve to participate of the heavenly Joys of true Love. In short, to be reveng'd of her, he told her, he would quit her Service, and publish her Shame to the whole Earth. And he swore by his *Flambeau*, that as she had play'd this foul Trick, he'd be even with her; that he would be her declar'd Enemy, and give her the Chace in whatever Company she appear'd.

AMBR O-

*AMBROSIA*, who thought, that this Vision, was a Dream, rub'd her Eyes to awake herself, and only found her Page, in the Place of the little God; with whom she began to pick a Quarrel, and called for her Gentleman Usher to have him whipt. But Love, and the Page, both vanish'd from her Sight; and then she saw that it was Truth, and the Apparition real; and profited so well from the Sense of her Fault, that she retired from the World, to a Solitude far distant from Courts, from Follies, and from Seducers; where she has since lived a sober and a quiet Life, that does her Reputation.

ALTHOUGH *Cupid* was greatly enraged at having so singular an Affront put upon him; yet he wou'd not leave the Earth, thinking he had  
other

other things yet to see. He enter'd into the Service of a Lady call'd *Coquetilla*; and to play the Part of a good Servant, immediately made use of his Arms to reduce to her Subjection many a sighing humble Servant. This was the most agreeable thing in the World to his Mistress, who pass'd for a Prude. She therefore feign'd not to understand the Cries of those Lovers that suffer'd for her; she was one of those Females we may so justly stile a *Prude Coquet*; a Race at present so much multiplied, that one scarce meets with any thing else.

UNDER this new Mistress, he endured very much; who altho' she had given him a laced Coat, a Hat and Feather, and *Dresden* Ruffles, yet her Freaks were to him intollerable. Her principal Passion was for Magnificence

nificence, and her Dress was always overdone. She was ever on the Fidget to find out new Modes and Fashions; for to say the Truth, her fading Beauty was very much help'd off by such Matters. However, to take her upon the whole, she was a good shewy Figure; which she set off with a certain manner of Carriage, that made her very agreeable. But her principal Charm was that extraordinary Civility and Complaisance, shewn to every New-comer, whom she was glad enough to fix, to supply the Place of such as deserted her. But on the other Hand, those she thought fast taken in her Nets, she used with great Severity and Rigor. Never was any Body so assiduous to trepan Hearts as this Lady. The Fair, the Brown, the Witty, the Stupid, the Courtier, the Cit, were all alike to her. It was Satisfaction enough to obtain a new Conquest. But  
her



her prime Delight was to steal away a Lover from one of her particular Friends ; and her greatest Grief was to lose one of her own.

IT was *Coquetilla*, that put herself in the middle way, betwixt the *Court* and the *City*. If she was with the *former*, she diverted herself with the awkward Figures in the *City* ; if with the *latter*, she constantly inveigh'd against the Insolence of the *Courtiers*. She took upon her to moderate all Matters as to Silks, Lace, Caps, Hair-Cutters, Furniture, China, and all those fine Things that distinguish People of Taste from the Vulgar. However, she took double Care, to keep very well with the Citizens, who made her rich Presents, and gave her Tickets for Opera's, Plays, and Musick.

sick. Whenever her Lovers complained to her, of their dolorous Smart, she pretended to help them to a Remedy, and by granting a few slight Favours of little Consequence, they became so caught, as to be past hoping for a Cure. But she only acted like one of those bad Surgeons, who when they meet with a slight Wound, by their ill Management make it great and dangerous. Thus with false Carresses, she pour'd more Oil on the Fire, and poison'd that she pretended to heal. Love indeed, did his best to subdue her Heart, and was surprized to find, that all his Arrows only enter'd the Skin; or if at best, they made some slight Wound, it was so very slight, that it healed the next Day, at farthest. But he was little offended, when he found out, that *Coquetilla*, not content with the natural Beauty, Nature had given

ven her, used Art. Till then, *Cupid* was an utter Stranger to Artifice and Disguise; he was astonish'd, to see Paint, Patches, Pomatums, and different Changes of Hair. He was amazed to behold his Mistress, one Day in black Hair, and the next in white. And seeing her Face blotted over with Patches, he conceived she had scratch'd herself, or was willing to hide some Pimples.

BUT the sharp Chit had not been long at this School, before he learned Disdain and Maliciousness. Love no longer taught his Mistress, but she instructed her little God; and render'd him as *Coquettish* as herself. Here he learnt all those peevish Qualities, he has since practis'd. He learn'd to be a Traytor, perfidious, and unfaithful; whereas, before, he was a Boy of Honour,

Honour, and true to his Word; in short, he became so fantastical, and unlucky, that there was no such Thing as governing him. He, from this Time, lost his Taste for Sugar-Plums and Sweet-meats, and longed after dainty Dishes, and high Living. There was now no presenting him with Corals or Drolls; he demanded Toys set with Diamonds, and inlaid Snuff-boxes of Gold. Nothing was grown so corrupt as that House, insomuch that every body run the Risk of Ruin that enter'd into it. Nevertheless, under some specious Pretence or another, *Coquetilla* so well play'd her under Game, that she still kept her Character.

THIS Way of Life lasted for some Time, and as new Dupes daily appear'd, there was daily new Diversion.

Some-

Sometimes Balls and Dancing were in Play, for all Coquets delight in this Amusement; infomuch, that as it was said of old, that *the Harp was possess'd*; so we may truly say, now a-days, *the Fiddle is a bewitching Instrument*. Coquetilla, became at length so fond of this Exercise, that she fell in Love with a Dancer, who was so ugly and ill-made, that he owed all his Merit, to the quick Motion of his Feet. But he carry'd off the Prize from so many Men of Wit and Beauty, whilst her noblest Lovers, were amused with some trifling Favours. Cupid enrag'd at this Folly shot one of his poison'd Darts (with which he used formerly to make Metamorphosis) at the *beloved Fidler*; and in Spite of his High-capering, he became changed into a *Monkey*; and with some Resemblance of his first Form

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Or, *the* TOWN COQUETS. 165

Form, he retain'd all his Uglinefs and Agility. He was sometime after in the Hands of a Show-man, who surprized his Audience with his Dancing on the Ropes; which Trade perhaps he learnt when he was a Man and a Lover.

AFTER this malicious Trick, play'd to his Miftrefs, *Cupid*, thought himfelf not fafe in her Houfe, and without taking any Leave quitted her Service. Being fo very pretty a Fellow, he was not long out of Place. Mrs. *Gains*, feeing him fo well drefs'd, thought he would not want a new Livery for a long Time, and he willingly enter'd into her Service, altho' ſhe was only a *Milliner*; for he took her plodding Face to be quite free from that odious Coquettry he had been fo long ufed to. The exquisite  
Beauty

Beauty of this Woman, made amends for a dwarfish ungain Figure, and hid that gross Ignorance she had of every Thing, but how to turn the Penny. So Love here forgot for a while, that he was a Gentleman and a Page, and borrowed the Counter Air and lived a sober Cit. But a little after, he retook to his Bow, and wounded all the Customers, that enter'd his Mistress's Shop; yet all their Flatteries, tender Things, and civil Speeches were thrown away. Our Mil-liner, was deaf to them all, or rather her stupid Nature hinder'd a Return. He even tried his Darts on Mrs. *Gains*, but without Effect, his Arrows were all tip'd with Lead.

HOWEVER, she being one Day equip'd for a Masquerade, he levell'd at her Heart a Purse of Money, which  
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Or, *the TOWN COQUETS.* 167

had better Effect than all his Darts. This at once, waked in her Breast, two different Passions, *Love* and *Interest*; it's impossible to this Hour to decide, which was most predominant in her, for one seem'd to cherish the other. It was neither *Strepbon*, nor *Leander*, nor *Hylas*, she admir'd, but the whole Race of Mortals. Then it was that several Customers arriv'd to purchase her Merchandize, and at the same Time purchas'd the Merchant also.

THUS Mrs. *Gains* was the first that was so prudent as to join Profit with Pleasure. Our *little God*, also, was determin'd to pursue his Mistress's Plan of things: He who till then never desired Money, without it was to buy Play-things, now ever kept his Eyes on the Counter; and confess'd he took  
more

168      *The* TEMPLE BEAU;  
more Pleasure in beholding Pieces of  
Gold than Silver. And that he might  
not be cheated, he turn'd half his  
Quiver into a Case for Weights and  
Scales, to see that all he took was  
standard Weight.

A CHAMBER-MAID, in the House,  
that was his Confident, instructed him  
in the whole Science of Gain; and  
soon after he became such a Decoy-  
duck, that he would no longer make  
Use of any Darts that were not tip'd  
with Silver or Gold, and these never  
missed their Aim.

THUS mercenary Love became in-  
troduced into the World, so that  
from the Dutchess to the Scullion  
Wench, Love is to be had for Money.  
And we may well alter the Proverb,  
that says, "*no Money, no Swiss, to no  
Money, no Love.*"

Im-

·IMMEDIATELY after, Sonnets, Madrigals, and Love Letters were look'd upon as old fashioned Stuff, and were no where current. That even now a-days a hundred Stanza's of Verse, are sold for a Guinea. However, this new Kind of Trade, makes it often happen that People purchase unsound Merchandize; for as before, Gallants with spiritual Money, bought the Souls and Affections of their Mistresses; now a-days, all these brutal Minds, only obtain the Body and Flesh, as one may buy Swine at a Fair. And as the Parliament has thought fit to require Bills of Health in the Sale of Cattle, so in their great Wisdom they should also appoint Inspectors in these Love-Markets, to certify the Health and Soundness of the Commodity that is on Sale. For the Gods, at length  
I enraged,



170 *The* TEMPLE BEAU;

enraged, took upon them to punish this scandalous Traffick.

FOR *Bacchus*, ever since he had quitted *Ariadne* for the Hogshead, is an avowed Woman-hater. He therefore imported a certain Distemper from *India*, which he had conquer'd, to punish the Evil that arose from mercenary Love. This Evil spread so fast that not one who traded in this Kind has hardly escaped the Effects of his Vengeance. Even *little Cupid*, himself, was damnably *in* for it; for in kissing and toying with his Mistress, like a dutiful Servant, he became infected with this deadly Venom.

*VENUS* had been some Time uneasy at her Son's long Absence, and was determin'd to search the Earth all over to find him; she order'd therefore

fore her Pigeons and Car; and at length arrived in *London*, where, at *Cupid's Gardens*, a Place infamous to this Hour, she found her Son amidst a great Number of Devotees he had pick'd up in that righteous City. She indeed, scarce knew him at first Sight; for he had quitted his Bow, and had acquired a sickly, wheyish Look; she ran to him, and embrac'd him, and to please him offer'd him some pretty Toy. But he mock'd at that, and shew'd her Coffers fill'd with Gold and Silver; and convinc'd her that he had amassed together great Wealth; and even told her any one would be well off to share the Money, that now a-days passes in the Commerce of Love.

AFTER he had repeated to her all his Adventures, he could not help bewailing the ill State of his Health,

I 2                      which,

which, to say the Truth, she at first perceived. She carried him, therefore, without Loss of Time to *Æsculapius*, and prayed him to cure him out of Hand; but this was beyond his Power, for he was forced to send to *India* for Medicines to effect his Cure. He was also willing to have the Assistance of another Deity called in. *Mercury* at length, undertook the Cure; but not without letting him suffer a little, which he did to be revenged of him for the many Jaunts he had taken to the Earth to find him out.

WHEN he was well, *Venus* carry'd him Home, where since she has kept a kind of Court, and she constantly overlooks his Conduct. It's true, he is become much wiser of late, and when he is naughty, instead of Rods, his Mother threatens him with *Mer-*

*cury*

*cury.* This has a much better Effect upon him, than all other Chastisement.

EVER since this Time he has abhorred mercenary Love, and he constantly swears by his Quiver and Bow, that he'll never more turn Bawd; and that his Arrows shall never reach those who are fond of pecuniary Love. He offers his Succour, alone to those truly worthy Lovers, who seek after Wit, Beauty, and Virtue, all of them Gifts of Heaven. But for all lucrative, brutal Lovers, he abandons them, and leaves them to the Remorse of their Crimes, and will no more allow them to be lawful Subjects of the Empire of Love.



## C H A P. VII.

*A short Chapter but abounding with  
Matter.*

AS soon as the Tale was ended, and proper Compliments made to *Angelica*, Mrs *Harris*, who introduced Miss *Gripe* into this Assembly, let her know it was Time to go home, and with a profound Reverence she took Leave of the Company, who, for some Time after, entertain'd themselves with making Remarks on the great Beauty, and superlative Ignorance of this young Creature.

JENNY, being return'd home could not contain the Pleasure she had received from having seen the *Beaux Monde*,



*Monde*, and with the many fine Things she had heard. She gave private Orders to her old Nurse to receive such Books, as were sent her, and to hide them under the Matrafs of the Bed, for fear her Mother, who us'd frequently to tumble over her Trunk, shou'd discover the Treasure. The Books were sent soon after from Mr. *Blaze*. They were *the six Volumes of the Arabian Night's Entertainment*. She immediately lock'd herself up in her Room, and fell to reading them, from Night till Morning, with such an Extravagance, that she scarcely ever eat or drank; and when they wanted her to work, as usual, she feign'd Sickness, pretending she had not slept all Night, and her Eyes were weak, proceeding from this Rage of Reading. Besides which, she gave other Signs of her new acquired Learning.

IT is very natural for us, when we read of a suppositious Man in such Books, to figure to one's self that he is like some Man one knows. So *Jenny* thought *Celadon* (the Hero of the last Romance she had read) was the same Figure, Shape, and Air, as Mr. *Blaze*; and as *Astræa* was described to be very handsome, she conceived, that she was her exact Resemblance. For a young Girl is never backward in attributing to herself more Charms than is her Share. In a Word, she conceived that all that *Celadon* said to *Astræa*, Mr. *Blaze* spoke in his own proper Person to *her*; and she thought herself very happy in having obtain'd so very gallant a Lover; and so strongly she became infatuated by reading such Sort of Books, that she actually fell in Love with Mr. *Blaze*. For  
it

it very often happens, that such who have been brought up without a due Intercourse with the World, fall in Love with the first Man they meet.

WE are not to wonder then if *Jenny*, who had been educated in the utmost Obscurity, who had never read, nor had ever seen any Body, should be caught in this Net. For this, will ever be the Case of a narrow Education. She could never quit her dear Romances, except to go to *Angelica's* House; and she contriv'd all Occasions to get thither. Mr. *Blaze* who, by this Time was acquainted with her Mind, miss'd no Opportunity of seeing his Mistress.

HE was amazed, that in so small a Time, she could get through so ma-

ny Books, as he daily sent her. But he was still more surprized, at the Benefit she obtained by reading, and at the vast Change it wrought in her Mind. She was now become the Leader of all Discourse, and shew'd that her former Stupidity, by the Remarks she made, was not owing to a Want of Capacity, or Want of Wit; but to a total Omission of all Education.

Mr. *Blaze*, was also greatly rejoic'd to find that he daily made a great Progress in her Heart. For as she had chosen *Astrea* for her Model, so she imitated all her Words and Actions, in even pretending the same Rigor towards *Blaze*, that the former held to her Shepherd *Celadon*. But she was not as yet become so dextrous, but that *Blaze* very well perceived her true  
Sen-

Sentiments of him. And the better to deceive her he talk'd to her intirely in the Stile of Romances. He was eternally complaining of her Cruelty, and of his Misery. And he practis'd all the Grimace of the most passionate Lover. This infinitely pleas'd Miss *Jenny*, who was charm'd at the being address'd just in the Fashion and Form display'd in her favourite Books. And as soon as ever *Blaze* saw her weak Side, he read over again the *History of Astræa and Celadon*; nay, he even assumed that Name in his Letters, and she in Return called herself *Astræa*; indeed he so exactly conform'd himself to those laudable Histories, that they seem'd, as it were, to revive the very Being of those Lovers; if ever they had any Being at all.

HER



HER Shepherd supply'd her with fresh Romances, which she studied Day and Night, so that in a very little Time, she became the greatest *Prate-a-pace* and *Coquet* of that Quarter of the Town. *Jenny's* Father and Mother, very soon saw the different turn she took, and was amazed to see how much she was improved since she had kept Company. They complained she was already spoil'd, and to get rid of her, they were determin'd to marry her off, as soon as possible. All the Difficulty was, to determine right as to the two Parties that offer'd themselves. It's true, he was engaged to the first, but the latter was out of all Comparison the most rich.

THE old Woman detested *Smart*, ever since the Adventure of the *Harpsicord* and

and *Looking-Glass*; and from that time, when she mentioned him, it was by the Name of Mr. *Confound-all*; and *Gripe* never could endure him, since the Law-Business with *Lucretia*.

THOUGH poor *Smart* thought he had conquer'd all Difficulties, by the Present he had made the sordid old Woman; and by the Discharge he had obtain'd from *Lucretia's* Uncle; yet these old People were hourly beating about for an Occasion to break with *Smart*, and fix Matters with *Bedcott*. The former's Folly, soon help them to the thing they sought for, and they *took Time by the Fore-lock*. It happen'd one Day that Miss *Jenny* saw him display a great Deal of Gold, he had about him, which he told her, he had won at Play, Mr. *Gripe*, and his Wife seeing him thus  
get

get Money by the Bushel, were some Time in Suspence, whether to let him have *Jenny* or not. But an old Uncle, a reverend Ecclesiastick, shew'd them, that tho' Fortune had help'd him to win six hundred Guineas to-day, yet to-morrow she might make him lose a thousand; nay, for aught he knew, all his Substance; at least, this was a very good Opportunity for them to break off the Match. And to add to his Mishap, the Cur, *Fillups*, met *Gripe* the next Day, in the Street, and ask'd him how the Marriage proceeded; and without staying for a Reply; well, well, (says he) be the Match as it will we flea'd your Bridegroom! We made him pay two thousand for his Folly, and then he told him the whole Story. Mr. *Gripe*, would fain have had *Fillups* to have gone home with him, to inform his

Wife

Wife of this secret History of *Smart's* great Weakness; but *Fillups* reply'd, he was invited to a good Feast, and for a good Dinner he would have left his own Wife in the Lurch. For this Proctor, like many of his Brethren made his Belly his God, so that Gluttony was the principal Object of his Adoration; for he considered that to-morrow we die.

THESE Matters, being duly weigh'd by *Jenny's* sage Parents; they determined to break off the Match, out of Hand, of which that very Evening they gave him some Intimations. But he being not very willing to take their Word, *Jenny* herself, let him know she would never be his Wife; for if she was forced to marry him, she should be eternally miserable. Thus finding it in vain to strive against  
Wind

Wind and Tide, he came to a Resolution to wait on her no more; and the next Day delivered up the Articles that were signed, which were immediately destroy'd. Whether they were burnt or torn I can't positively determine, but I am inclined to think the former, as Fires were then in Season. He took Leave of the Company with a good Grace, and proffer of his Service, which the old Folks but little regarded; so he lost *two Mistresses* and *his Money* by this rueful Treaty.

BUT he's now at Liberty to furnish out some new History of the like Kind; which I mention to show he was neither kill'd, massacred, nor assassinated, which an Author less conscientious than I am might have easily brought about.

THE



THE Moment that *Gripe* had got rid of *Smart*, he sat about finishing Matters with *Bedcott*; but when the Subject of the Settlement came on the Tapis, there was no End of Bickering betwixt them. *Gripe* and his Wife insisted on the same Settlement that *Smart* had made; and they thought this very reasonable considering his sordid Appearance and dross Nature. But he was for making such a Settlement as suited best with his stingy Disposition, and would haggle for a *Wife*, as he would for a *Piece of Cloth*. However, Mr. *Cupid* got the better of his Soul, and he let himself be bridled according to their Will; so the Day for signing the Settlement was fixt; a Collation was prepar'd; Friends invited, and *Bedcott* signed in due Form and Course of Law.

BUT

BUT when it was deliver'd *Jenny* to sign, the Father relying on her usual Obedience, she refused to take the Pen. At first he thought it was Virgin-Modesty, but at length after many Remonstrances from her Father, she thank'd her Parents for the Pains they had been at, in finding out a Husband for her, but that in Effect she should choose for herself. That she was handsome enough to hope for many better Offers, and she trusted Fate would doom her to some Man of Quality; that at least she expected a Lover in a Coach and Six, with a suitable Attendance. She urged the Examples of Lady O——y, Mrs. —— and many others, who had made their Fortune by their Beauty, and married Men of Rank. That, at the worst, she was yet but young, and could wait to see what Fate was reserved

reserved for her, and that at all Events, she did not Despair of obtaining a better Man than *Bedcott*, who was the Picture of Ill-Luck and Misfortune.

*GRIP E*, regarded his Daughter, with a Rage that almost choak'd up his very Words. "You vile Baggage, " you (says he) where did you gather up this Load of Presumption! " What, these are the Fruits of the " keeping Company with the fine " Miss *Angelica*!—Yes truly, you do " well, very well to lay down a Plan " for yourself, that might even stagger the Vanity of a Woman with " twenty thousand Pounds to her " Fortune. — You, forsooth! — Yes, " you!—that have not a Great to rely on!—What Devil could put it " into your Head to dream of *Beaux* " and *Rakes*!—Creatures, that after  
" con-

“ consuming their own Fortunes, de-  
 “ your their Wives also.—But thank  
 “ God! thank God!—I know how  
 “ to deal with you, and how to teach  
 “ Obedience to dissolute Daughters.”

When you have been six Months of  
 your Life in *Wales*, with you Aunt  
*Prudence*, you’ll sing another Tune—  
 Go, Mistress *Contradiction*; —Trundle,  
 trundle, pack up your Box, and trun-  
 dle into *Wales*.

ALL the Company was surprized  
 to see her still remain obstinate; a  
 Girl, who hitherto had lived so inno-  
 cent a Life, and paid an entire Sub-  
 mission to her Parent’s Will. But  
 what made her so resolute, was her  
 Passion for Mr. *Blaze*. Before that  
 commenc’d it was the same to her  
 whoever she married. When *Gripe*’s  
 Rage began to abate, he made many  
 Ex-

Or, *the* TOWN COQUETS. 189

Excuses to the Company, but particularly to Mr. *Bedcott*, and said the Marriage was at an End; he lamented the Folly of Youth, that never knows its own Benefit

“ Good God (quoth he) how Times  
“ are changed! How the Age is  
“ perverted! — All filial Obedience  
“ is at an End! — I well remember  
“ how I lived with my Father! — Poor  
“ Man, his Soul is in Heaven! — We  
“ all of us, Children, us’d to set op-  
“ posite him in his Study; but the  
“ boldest of us did not dare to do so  
“ much as to spit before him! — With  
“ one single Word, he made the whole  
“ House tremble — Not even I, who  
“ did not marry till forty, scarce durst  
“ speak to him; much less contra-  
“ dict him!” *Gripe* still went on,  
railing at the Folly of young People.  
But



But his Wife determined he should not have all the Discourse to himself.

“ HONEY (says she) it's true, as  
“ you say, the World is strangely per-  
“ verted indeed. When we were  
“ young, we were forced to live with  
“ such Modesty, that the most au-  
“ dacious of us, never durst lift up  
“ her Eyes to look at a young Man!  
“ —Our Days were past in civil Pu-  
“ rity! — But now-a-days Girls are  
“ as impudent as Court-Pages, this  
“ comes of giving them too much  
“ Liberty; whilst *Jenny* was kept  
“ at home to her work, she never *fish'd*  
“ *in troubled Waters*. But since she has  
“ been permitted to go to *Angelica's*,  
“ where she has seen nothing but  
“ *Fools* and *Coxcombs*, all our Care  
“ of her is come to naught. My  
“ God! how silly we were to give  
“ her so much Liberty.”

Mrs.

MRS. Harris, who had been called to the Wedding-feast, and who affected to know a great deal of the World, with a large Crack with her Fan, observed, “ When you reflect on the  
“ young Lady your Daughter, pray  
“ cease to reflect on Madam *Angelica*’s  
“ House, where there frequents many  
“ People of Wit and Quality ; all of  
“ whom behave with such Respect and  
“ Discretion, that it may be called the  
“ School of Virtue and Wisdom. Nay  
“ perhaps, Madam, a young Woman  
“ that is sensible of her Charms, is  
“ not altogether so much in the wrong.  
“ It’s true, that keeping good Com-  
“ pany gives one an Air that under-  
“ bred Mortals cannot arrive at ;  
“ therefore it’s not surprising, that a  
“ pretty young Lady should not be  
“ in a Hurry to engage in a frightful  
“ Match,

“ Match, when she has so much  
“ Cause from her Merit to hope for  
“ better Things. I pity my Cousin  
“ *Bedcott*, who would never follow my  
“ Advice, which was to take time and  
“ gain his Mistress’s Affection by  
“ Affiduity, rather than merely to  
“ trust to filial Obedience. At least,  
“ by pursuing this Plan, he would  
“ have discover’d by degrees her Ha-  
“ tred to him, and have prevented  
“ the Disgrace of this public Refu-  
“ sal.”

“ You are very much in the right,  
(says the Clergyman that was Miss  
*Jenny*’s Uncle) “ when People marry  
“ they ought first to know one ano-  
“ ther’s Tempers. But, nevertheless,  
“ my Niece has done ill to disobey  
“ her Parents; especially as her Rea-  
“ sons for it are quite chimerical, in  
“ hoping

“ hoping to marry some Man of Qua-  
“ lity ; Parents best know what is  
“ good for their Children. How few  
“ People make their Fortune by their  
“ Beauty ! — It betrays a hundred  
“ where it raises one ! — But here is  
“ no Pretence for a Refusal, for the  
“ Match that offers is infinitely above  
“ her, and the Gentleman capable of  
“ maintaining her after the most gen-  
“ teel Fashion.”

“ You have hit the Nail on the Head  
(cries out *John Bedcott*, Esq; whose  
Timidity and Rage had hitherto bound  
him to Peace) “ certainly, the most  
“ happy Marriages are, where People  
“ are of the same Quality, *Si tu vis*  
“ *nubere nube pari*. And I love at my  
“ Heart the Law that *Diodorus Siculus*  
“ mentions to have prevail’d in *old*  
“ *Egypt* ; that every one should con-

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“tinue in their Father’s Employment;  
“and this is a Law observ’d at this  
“Day by the *Chinese*, who make every  
“Man follow his Father’s Trade.  
“But as our modern Policy is not  
“half so good, I wonder not at Miss  
“Jenny’s Conduct; perhaps she may  
“not find in me sufficient Merit.  
“However, her Refusal shall never  
“hinder me doing her all the good  
“that lies in my Power, and I shall  
“ever be glad to serve her. At least,  
“I have this Obligation to her, that  
“she will hinder in me any future  
“Thoughts of a Wife. For, to say  
“the Truth, I began to distrust and  
“be uneasy with such Forms and Ce-  
“remonies, which are quite contrary  
“to my Nature. I had rather marry  
“like the Mob, who seldom see their  
“Wives but in a Pew, or leaning  
“against the Pillar of a Church; and  
“who



“ who only observe, and require a Wife  
“ to be neither blind nor hump-back’d.  
“ But since I have been deceiv’d, I  
“ must endeavour to find Comfort  
“ and Consolation, in *Seneca* and *Plu-*  
“ *tarch*, and the *whole Duty of Man*.”

After this a Collation, that *Bedcott* had order’d, was serv’d up, which being soon devoured, all the Company departed to their respective Homes.



## C H A P. VIII.

*In which this History is concluded.*

**B**EDCOTT after revolving things over, and over, in his-Mind, began to thank his good Angels for delivering him from the Match; or rather from the Horns he might have reasonably expected to have had, if the Marriage had taken effect. And he began to regret the Expence of the Collation, almost as much as the Loss of Miss *Jenny*.

THE next Day to punish their Daughter's Insolence, Pride, and Disobedience, they sent her to a certain severe old Lady's House, who had been

been recommended to them as a proper Person to tame her High-Flights. But this turn'd out but a poor Expedient; she went out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire. For in Truth, this old *metbodist Lady*, with all her apparent Sanctity, had no other Way of subsisting herself, than by the Pensions she got of her Boarders. Her House, therefore, was a Rendezvous for all run-away Daughters, big-bellied Maids and Wives elop'd from their Husbands; and I have since been told, that a certain Gentleman, too great indeed to be named here, had twice recover'd his Wife out of her Hands, having in vain, fond Man! searched the whole Kingdom over for her. He search'd indeed *for his own*, and let every Man take *Livery and Seizin of his Goods*. For those here that had silver and gold Keys, never wanted Admittance to *Mrs. Fainly's House*, for that was the

old Hag's Name. Where, upon proper Terms, Parlours and Privacy was at every one's Service. *Jenny*, soon let Mr *Blaze* know where she was confin'd; and that he might see her, provided he used Precaution and Secrecy. And whenever she went out, her Chair-Men never ask'd her which way they were to go, they knew their Way to *Blaze's* House in *Hill-Street*. Never any Lover, found a better Opportunity to play all the Game without any Lookers on. Whereas, when *Jenny* was in the World, he saw her but seldom, and spoke to her by Stealth. He thank'd her, over and over, for the generous Action she had done for him, and commended the Spirit, she had demonstrated on the Occasion. I shall neither trouble my Reader nor self with giving a Detail of all the passionate and amorous Matters that past betwixt

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our Lovers ; but all I know for certain, is, that she agreed in a little Time to run away with *Blaze*. He had nothing to do but *propose*, for *Jenny* was all Obedience.

I SHALL leave it to my Reader, to make Comments on her want of Discretion. I am not *here* writing a Moral Book, but relating Facts as they really happen'd. I am not in the least bound to justify her Conduct, being not paid for that ; as many are that write the History of great People. She was in Truth stolen away by a Ladder, that was set there on Purpose, under Pretence of repairing the House. *Jenny* stept into the Coach and Six ; *Blaze* was possesst of his Treasure ; and carried her to a Castle of his, somewhere in *the West of England*. It was in vain to endeavour to find out where  
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the Lovers were gone. Mr. Gripe, the next Day, indeed *rais'd the Hue and Cry*, and saying many cruel Things on the Wickedness of the Age, he commenc'd a Suit *against six Persons unknown, in blue lac'd Liveries, with Cockades in their Hats; who having not the Fear of God before their Eyes, bad contrary to the Peace of this Realm, and at the Instigation of the Devil, forced his Daughter, VOLENS NOLENS from Kensington.* And, at length, a Proclamation was issued out to apprehend their Hats and Feathers, their tall Make, and brown Complexions.

THIS is all he obtain'd by this *Law-fuss*, except the Reputation of a Madman, for thus uselessly publishing his Daughter's Folly to the whole Earth. But if ever I get any future Intelligence of the Conduct of  
*Jenny,*

*Jenny*, I assure you on the Word of an Author, I'll bring all to Light.

WE are now at Leisure to return to *Lucretia*, whom we left under great Difficulties, on Account of a Disposition that began to be very grievous. The better to conceal which, for some Time past, she did nothing but rail at the Vanity of this World, and the Difficulty there was for People to keep their Reputations, that enter'd into the pleasurable Scenes of it; On the Infidelity and Perfidiousness of Mankind; of the Cheats and Artifices they made use of, to surprize the fair Sex, and all this she brought out at such subtle Times that no one suspected her real Case.

SHE said that Feasts and Balls, which so much delighted young People, had  
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only their Charms for a short Season, just during the giddy Part of Youth ; but that in the End they afforded no real Satisfaction ; that for her Part she had had a Surfeit of them, and had lost all Taste for them, and was only fond of a retir'd Life.

SHE haunted Churches, and Methodist Assemblies ; and her Reading was changed from *Romances*, to *Taylor's holy living and dying*, the *Lady's Library*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. She was continually enquiring after Charity Sermons, and Morning and Evening Lectures. She was very satirical upon Patches, Paint, Ribbands, Pom-poons, Pigtails, and every Kind of Dress, but large Hoops.

THE whole Quarter of the Town, where *Lucretia* liv'd, rang of her Methodistism

thodism, and every Body thought she wou'd soon become such a Devotee, as to quit all Intercourse with the World. And indeed this soon happen'd, for she retir'd to Mrs. *Fainly's*, esteem'd a perfect Convent for Sanctity. There she soon resum'd her Acquaintance with Miss *Jenny*, and they instructed each other with the History of their Amours; but their Intimacy lasted not long, for Miss *Jenny*, as is before observed, soon gave them the Slip; nor did *Lucretia* stay much after her for she left that Place, in which she had denied to see all her former Acquaintance, and boarded herself at a *Midwife's* at *Hammer-smith*; where soon after, she was delivered of a fine Boy; whose Education she intrusted to the same good Woman.

Two or three Months, being past, she return'd Home to her Uncle;  
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but so mortified and pale, and with such resign'd Looks, that she pass'd for the most sanctified *Methodist* in *London*. With these Looks, and her hypochondriacal Discourse, she deceiv'd even those that knew her, in her gayest Days; so that Madam *Harris* verily believ'd she would make a suitable Match for her Cousin *Bedcott*. He poor soul! since he miss'd of *Jenny*, did nothing but rail at the Coquetry of the young Women of the Age; so had vow'd to God never to espouse any one whatever, that was not brought up a *Methodist*. Upon which, Mrs. *Harris* propos'd Miss *Lucretia* to him, whose severe Conduct had gain'd him the Applause of all little Minds. The only Difficulty was, to prevail on her, again to think of worldly Matters.

Mrs. *Harris* undertook this Part of the Difficulty; which sincerely rejoic'd



joic'd *Bedcott*, who thereby would be freed from the trouble of Courtship. However, he submitted to be a hearer of the Business, and was wonderfully edified by listening to the Harangues of *Lucretia*, on the Miseries of this transitory Life, and upon the Charms of Retirement. He therefore never durst open his Lips, about Love or Marriage to her, for he poor Soul, was fearful of that, even to Girls devoted to earthly Enjoyments. When his Cousin broke the Business to *Lucretia*, she was full three Months before she would listen to the Proposal. Sometimes she pretended it was a Trial sent from God to prove her Stedfastness; and she then desired Time to ask of God by Prayer, if it was fitting that such an Affair shou'd take Effect? At length she consented to be married, but with

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the same apparent Reluctancy as if she had been going to the Gallows.

Mrs. *Harris* soon advertiz'd her Cousin of the joyful News; who was so ravish'd with having got the Consent of so squeamish a Lady, that he stood upon no Terms as to Settlements; but settled his *all* upon her; thinking that such a religious Person, could not deceive him, nor commit the least Error in Point of Judgment.

BUT to *deceive* him the better, she bought all Sorts of necessary Household Furniture, out of the Remains of *Smart's* Contract-money, and only paid down a third, and easily left the rest on his Credit.

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THUS she appear'd to *Bedcott* a Miracle of Prudence, in acquiring so many Things, with so little Money! And for the idle Custom, of laying out a large Sum of Money in Presents at Weddings, these she absolutely refused; which gain'd much upon *Bedcott*, as he found she avoided all Opportunities of putting him to any Expence.

BUT what pleas'd him the most, was, that all Ceremonies were to be avoided; and she was only to leave her Home and meet him at the *Church*, and then go to his House; who verily believed from his Heart, that he was possessed of the very Flower of Virginity.

Thus able Fowlers, put one Bird in a Trap to take another. — As for the *Viscount*, all that I can learn of him is, that he was stab'd in *Italy* for attempting to debauch a Nun of a great Family. And when it shall happen, which in all probability may not be in a Hurry, that the Lives of married People will bear the Press, you may expect a further Account of these two worthy People.

F I N I S.



